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A DREAM.

BY C. E. C. WARNER.

Light on the clover and in heaven—
A Summer day;
A distant bell that chimes eleven
And dies away;
A buzzing honey-laden bee
That darts above a scented flow'r;
A stretch of moorland to the sea!
A sunny world, a Summer hour.

A cloud, a tear, a storm, a sigh,
A troubled sea;
A little streamlet slipping by
'Twixt you and me;
A silver thread along the moor
That widened to a mighty stream;
An empty heart, a fast-closed door;
A Summer grief—a Summer dream.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Doris came down from her room the next morning, it did not seem as if the tremendous excitement of the preceding night had left any baleful effects. In her softwhite dress, she still looked more like a schoolgirl home for the holidays than the *tragedienne* who had, a few hours ago, moved a vast audience to tears and wild enthusiasm.

She came into the room singing, just as the birds sang under the eaves by her window, and laughed lightly as she saw Jeffrey bending earnestly over a copy of the local daily paper.

"Well, have I got a tremendous slating, Jeffrey?" she said almost carelessly.

"Slating!" he replied. "If anything, it is too laudatory: read it!" and he held it out to her.

"After breakfast: I am so hungry," she contentedly. "Read it to me, Jeffrey; all the nicest paragraphs," and she laughed again.

He glanced at Doris under his heavy brows.

"At any rate, your success has not made you vain, Doris," he said with grim approval.

"If it should make anyone vain, it should you—not me, dear," she said quietly. "It was you made last night's Juliet, good or bad."

"Very well," he said; "I'll be vain for both of us. Yes, it is a wonderfully good critique, and I think the news of your success will reach London, too. There were a couple of critics from London in the stalls; I didn't tell you last night, in case it should make you nervous."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"I don't think it would have made much difference," she said. "I seemed to forget everybody and everything——"

"After the second act," he put in.

She blushed to her temples.

"There was a distinct change then: I noticed it, and I have been puzzling my brain to account for it. Perhaps you can explain it."

She shook her head, and kept her eyes fixed on her plate.

"No? Strange. But such inspirations are not uncommon with genius: and yours is genius, Doris."

"Don't frighten me, Jeffrey," she said with a faint smile.

"I have agreed with Brown, the manager," he went on, "that you should play 'Juliet' for a week, and after that some other of the big characters for a month, and he is to pay you fifty dollars a week."

Doris looked up surprised. Fifty dollars per week is a large sum for merely provincial actresses.

He smiled grimly.

"You think it a great deal? In a day or two you will get offers from London of twenty, thirty, forty pounds. But I am in no hurry. I have not been in a hurry all through. I want you to feel your feet, to feel secure in all the big parts here in the provinces before you appear in London. Then your success will be assured whatever you may undertake."

"You think of everything, Jeffrey," she said gratefully.

"I have nothing else to think of, nothing else to tell you!" he responded quietly, almost pathetically. "I have set my heart upon you being a great actress and—" he paused—"I think it would break, if you failed. But there is no need to speak of failure after last night."

He got up as he spoke and folded the newspaper.

"I'm going down to the theatre," he said; he was never quite contented away from it. "You'd better look over your part this morning. Take it into the open air as you did the other day: it seems to succeed."

"Very well," she said obediently.

He put on his hat and the thick inverness he wore in all weathers, and went away, and Doris sat looking dreamily before her.

Then, suddenly, she got up. She would take his advice and go into the meadows—for the meadows meant the open air to her—and as she was going she would take Cecil Neville's handkerchief and place it on the bank as he had requested.

She put on her hat and jacket, and, possibly for the convenience of carrying, thrust the handkerchief in the bosom of her dress, where it lay hidden all the preceding day, and started.

It was a glorious morning, with only a feather of cloud here and there in the sky, and the birds sang as if winter were an unknown season in this England of cold.

With her stage copy of "Romeo and Juliet" under her arm, Doris Marlowe, the simple child of nature, the famous actress, made her way to the meadows.

The Barton folks have something else to do than wander in their meadows, and Doris did not meet a soul: the great elms, which threw their shadows over the brook, were as solitary as if they had been planted in Eden. But lonely as the spot was, Doris peopled it with memories; and she stood by the brook, and recalled the vision of the powerful figure on the great horse, as it appeared before her the moment prior to its being hurled at her feet.

"How strange that he should have been at the theatre last night!" she thought. "How curious it must have seemed to him, seeing me there as Juliet! I wander whether he was sorry or glad!"

She could not answer the question to her satisfaction, but she stood motionless for a moment or two, recalling the words he had spoken as he stood beside the fly last night.

Then she took the handkerchief from her bosom, and, folding it with careful neatness, placed it on the bank where she had sat.

"It is not likely that anyone will come here before he comes to fetch it this afternoon," she said.

Almost before the words were out of her lips, a stalwart form leapt the hedge, and stood before her.

Doris started and her face flushed, then, pale and composed, she lifted her eyes to his.

"Well, now!" he said, in humble apology. "I seem fated to startle you, Miss Marlowe. I had no idea you were here, ——" he stopped, awed to silence by her silence.

"You said you would come for it in the afternoon," she remarked, almost coldly.

He colored.

"Yes, I know; but I could not come this afternoon, and I thought——" he stopped, and raised his frank eyes to her face pleadingly.

"You thought?" she said very gravely, her brows drawn together slightly.

"Well," he said, as if with an effort, "I will tell the truth! I thought that if I came this morning I might meet you. It was just a chance. Are you angry?"

She was silent a moment. Was she angry? She felt that she ought to be; she had a suspicion that he had, so to speak, entrapped her into a meeting with him; and she honestly tried to be angry.

"It does not matter," she said at last, very coldly. "There is your handkerchief."

He picked it up and thrust it in his pocket.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" he said gratefully. She turned to go, with a slight inclination of her head, but he went on, speaking hurriedly and so earnestly, that she paused, her head half turned over her shoulder, her eyes cast down: an attitude so full of grace that it almost drove what he was going to say out of his head. "I don't deserve that you should have brought it."

"I don't think you do," she assented, a faint smile curving her lips at his ingenuousness.

"I daresay you think it strange that I didn't ask you to send it to the Towers?" he went on. "You know you would not let me call at your place for it," he added apologetically.

"Why did you not let me send it?" she asked, with faint curiosity.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Won't you sit down and rest? It's warm this morning, and you have walked far, perhaps."

She hesitated a moment, then sat down, almost on the spot she had sat the preceding day, and Cecil Neville could not help a wild wish rushing to his heart that he was once again lying at her feet!

He sat down on the bank, as near to her as he dared, and leant on his elbow towards her.

"You see, I'm only a visitor at the Towers. The marquis—that's my uncle, you know——"

"I didn't know," she said, with a faint smile, her eyes fixed dreamily on her book.

—"Of course not," he assented. "Well, we don't get on together. He is—not to put too fine a point on it—about as disagreeable a personage as you'd find in two days' walk! We never have got on together. They say that a man always hates the fellow who is to come after him, unless it happens to be his own son; and I suppose that's the reason the marquis hates me ——"

"Because you are to be the next marquis?" she said.

He nodded coolly, and tilted his hat so that it screened his eyes from the sun, and permitted him to feast upon her beautiful face more completely.

"Yes, that is about it; but I'll give the marquis the credit of hating everybody all round, himself into the bargain, I daresay: but I fancy he reserves a special line of detestation for his own relatives. Ah, you are smiling," he broke off, with the short laugh that sounded so good and frank. "You are wondering what this has to do with my disliking you to send the handkerchief!"

Doris smiled again in assent.

"Well, you see, I thought it might come into the marquis's possession, or that he'd hear of it through Lady Grace——"

She turned her eyes upon him not curiously, but with graceful questioning.

"That's a lady—Lord Peyton's daughter—who is stopping there," he explained, "and they might ask questions, and—and bother me about it!"

"Well?" she said quietly.

He looked down half, hesitatingly, then met her eyes, which seemed, in their fixed regard, to reach to his soul.

"Well—I've said that I'll tell you the whole truth, and I will; and the fact is I didn't want to be asked questions about the—the accident yesterday. I—yes, I'll speak out, though I should offend you—I wanted to keep it to myself!"

"To keep it to yourself?" she repeated.

A flush came to his tanned face, and his eyes were raised for a moment.

"Yes. When a man gets a good thing—Suppose—" he broke off—"a fellow found a big nugget, or a rare diamond, or anything of that sort, he would like to keep it to himself, you know!"

She smiled again.

"Do you want me to take that as a compliment?" she said. "Am I the big nugget, the rare diamond which you discovered."

He flushed more deeply, and looked at her pleadingly.

"I'm such an idiot that I can't express myself," he said apologetically. "I meant that the whole thing, your—your kindness and goodness to me was so precious that I didn't want a lot of people talking about it I wanted to keep it to myself, as something especially belonging to me, something too precious to discuss with others. I'm afraid I can't make you understand."

"You do yourself an injustice," she said. "You express yourself very well!"

"Now you are laughing at me," he said.

"As you would laugh at me, Lord Neville, if I believed what you said?" she retorted, not sharply, but with a sweet gravity that was indescribable.

"I said I would tell you the truth, and I've told nothing but the truth," he said earnestly. "I daresay it seems strange to you that I should have this feeling about our meeting yesterday. I daresay you forgot all about it half-an-hour afterwards! Why should you remember it, you who have so much to think of?"

Doris turned her face away, lest her eyes should betray her, and tell him how much, how constantly she had thought of him!

—"You," he went on, "who are so clever and gifted, a great actress with no end of people round you——"

She looked at him with a pensive smile.

"But you are wrong, quite wrong," she said. "I am not a great actress. Last night was my first success, if success it was——"

"There is no 'if' about it!" he said, with fervent enthusiasm. "It was a tremendous success! Why, I heard people declaring that there had been nothing like it since Kate Terry's Juliet!' And I—though I'm not much account—I was never so much carried out of myself. Why, to tell you how great and grand you were, I actually forgot that you were the young lady who was so good to me yesterday, and only thought of you as Shakspeare's Juliet; and I felt quite ashamed that I had ever given so much trouble to so great a personage."

His warm, ardent praise touched her, and her lips quivered.

"Juliet was only a simple girl, after all," she said. "If she had chanced to have been placed in my position yesterday she would have done the same."

"I don't know about that," he said. "I'm not clever, like you," and he pushed his hat off his brows with a deprecatory

gesture. "But I know you must have something else to think of than the fellow who was such an idiot as to jump a hedge before he saw what was on the other side; and, of course, you must have no end of —of people round you!"

"But I have not! You are quite wrong," she said, with her sweet, thoughtful smile. "I live with an old friend, who has been like a father to me! I haven't any father or mother, and I see no one, except at the theatre, and then only in the way of business," and she laughed.

He listened as if every word she dropped from her sweetly curved lips were a pearl.

"How strange it sounds! You so clever and beau——so great an actress."

"Yes," she said dreamily; "I suppose it does sound strange! Everybody thinks that an actress must be the gayest of the gay: surrounded by light-hearted people, turning night into day, and living on champagne and roast chicken." She smiled. "Jeffrey and I know scarcely anyone, and I do not think I have tasted champagne, excepting once, when one of the managers had a benefit; and we go straight to bed directly we get home from the theatre; and, oh, it is quite different to what people imagine."

He drew forward a little, so that the hand upon which he leant nearly touched the edge of her cotton dress.

"And—and you didn't quite forget our strange meeting?"

"I am not in the habit of seeing gentlemen flung from their horses at my feet, Lord Neville," she said, but she turned her head from him.

"And I," he said. "Why, I have not been able to get it out of my head! I thought of you every minute; and I tried not to, because—"

"Because?" she said. "Pray go on!" and she smiled.

"Well," he said modestly, "because it seemed like presumption. And then I went to the theatre, and—" he stopped. "For a moment or two I couldn't believe that it was really you on the stage there. And when the people in the theatre began to shout out your name, it woke me from a kind of dream."

She smiled in silence, then she made a movement threatening her departure.

"Ah, wait a little while!" he pleaded. "It is delightful here in the sunshine. Don't go for a minute or two. I wish——" he stopped.

"What is it you wish?" she asked, regarding him with smiling eyes that drooped under his ardent ones.

"Well," he said, "I wish that you would let me go home with you and see Mr. Jeffrey——"

"Jeffrey Flint," she said. She shook her head. "He sees no one, makes no acquaintances. He—he is very reserved."

Speaking of him reminded her of the fact that he would strongly disapprove of her interview with the strange young gentleman. She rose.

"I must go now," she said. "I have not asked whether you were hurt by your fall, Lord Neville, but I hope you were not."

"Must you go?" he said, ignoring the rest of her sentence as of no account. "We seem to have been talking only a few minutes! And there was such a lot that I wanted to say! I wanted to tell you all that I thought when I saw you last night; but I couldn't if I had the chance, because I am a perfect idiot when it comes to expressing myself. But I do think it was wonderful! Are you going to play to-night? But of course you are."

"Yes," she said, absently, "I play to-night. I play every night!"

"I shall be there," he said, as if it were a matter of course.

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Of course I shall!" he said. "Why, last night I seemed to have a kind of interest in it which the other people in the theatre hadn't. Yes. As if—as if—I knew you intimately, you know. Of course I shall be there! And I shall bring a big bouquet. What flowers do you like best?"

She almost started, as if she had not been listening to him; as a matter of fact, she had been listening to the deep, measured voice rather than the words.

"Flowers?—oh,—violets," she said, unthinkingly.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "That is what I threw you last night! Of course you didn't know. You can't see beyond the footlights, can you? I've heard you can't. Violets! I'll get some. I shall take a seat in the stalls to-night. I shall see and hear you better there."

"I should have thought you had seen and heard me enough already," she said with a smile.

"No, but I haven't!" he responded eagerly. "I couldn't see you or hear you too much if I looked at you and listened to you all day!"

Her face grew crimson, but she turned her head towards him with a smile on her lips.

"For flattery, pure and simple, I don't think you could surpass that, Lord Neville."

"Flattery!" he exclaimed, as if hurt. "It is no flattery, it is the honest truth. And, Miss Marlowe, I do ask you to believe—" he saw her start and lift her head as if listening, and looking up to ascertain the cause, saw that her eyes were fixed upon some spot behind him, and he heard the sound of footsteps.

"I must go," she said, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of the situation.

"Ah, no," he breathed; then he leant towards her with half-timid eagerness. "Will you come to-morrow?—we have said so little—the time has been so short!"

The footsteps came nearer.

"I promise—nothing," said Doris, her brows coming together, and with a half glance at his earnest face she glided away from him.

Lord Neville rose and looked after her with the expression which encompassed the desire to follow her; but in that moment a hand fell lightly upon his shoulder, and a voice exclaimed,—

"What, Cissy!"

Lord Neville swung round.

"Hallo, Spenser!" he said. "Why, what on earth brought you here?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE new comer was a man apparently of middle age; I say apparently, because opinions on that subject were extremely conflicting. Some persons regarded Spenser Churchill as quite a young man, others declared that he had reached the meridian of life, and there were some who were inclined to think that he was, if anything, on the verge of old age.

His appearance was singular. He was of medium height, with a figure that was either naturally youthful, or admirably preserved. He was fair almost to effeminacy, and he wore his hair long and brushed back from his face; and he was close shaven. But it was not the length of the hair that lent him his singularity, but the expression of his face and his manner.

If he was not the most amiable of men, his countenance belied him. There was always a smile, soft and bland, and good-tempered in his eyes, on his lips, and as the Irishman said, "all over him." The smile in conjunction with the fair face and long hair gave him so confiding and benevolent an expression that the world had long ago come to the conclusion that Spenser Churchill was the epitome of all the virtues.

Most men and women were fond of confiding in him; most men—not all—trusted him; he was regarded by crossing-sweepers, waiters, and beggars generally as their natural prey, and so effective was his smile, that even when he did not bestow his alms, he always received a blessing from the disappointed ones.

Whenever his name was mentioned, someone was sure to say,—

"Oh, Spenser Churchill! Yes! Awfully good-natured fellow, you know. No end of a good soul. Share his last crust with you. Kind of cherub with legs, don't you know."

But if strict inquiry had been made—which it never was—it would have been difficult to bring forward evidence to prove the benevolent Spenser had ever shared anything with anybody, or that he had ever been liberal with anything, excepting always the smile and his soft persuasive voice.

Of his past history, and indeed, his present mode of life, the persons who were always ready to praise him, knew very little—or nothing, and yet he was always spoken of as one of the best known men in society.

You met him everywhere at the first reception of the season, at the meeting of the Four-in-Hand Club, at the smoking room of the "Midnight," sauntering in the foyer at the opera, seated in the stalls of the fashionable theatres, in county houses of the most exclusive kinds, on the shady side of Pall Mall, in the picture galleries, at the big concerts, at dinner parties.

His neat figure was always most carefully dressed, his countenance always serene and placid, as if the world were the most charming of all possible places, and had been specially created for Spenser Churchill; and with the benedictory smile always shining.

He was rich, it was supposed he was a bachelor, it was thought; he was connected with half the peerage, so it was stated; and that was all concerning his private life that anyone knew. But if little was known about him, Spencer Churchill knew a great deal about other people; some said, too much.

Lord Neville's surprise at seeing him was quite uncalled for, because Spenser Churchill was in the habit of "turning up" at the most unlikely places, and at the most unlikely times; and whatever surprise you might feel at seeing him, he never expressed any at meeting you.

Now, as Lord Neville stared at him, he blandly and placidly smiled, as if he had parted from Neville only a quarter of-an-hour ago, and held out his hand as if he were bestowing a bishopric by the action.

"Why, the last time I saw you was at Nice!" said Lord Neville, with a laugh, "and here you are at Barton! What on earth brings you here? Don't make the usual answer about the two-twenty-five train and your legs——"

"I wasn't thinking of doing so," said Spenser Churchill, softly. "What a charming spot!" and he looked round with a soft rapture beaming on his face. "Charming! So rural. That brook—those trees—the clear, spring sky—the song of the birds—didn't I hear human voices, by the way?" he asked; as it is to be noticed that he didn't break off to put the question abruptly, but allowed it to form portions of his softly-gliding sentence, as if it were the most innocent and careless of queries, and he let his eye fall with a gentle, interrogation on the handsome face.

Lord Neville looked aside for a moment. Cherubimic as Spenser Churchill was, Lord Neville did not quite care to answer the question.

"I daresay," he said; "but you haven't answered me yet, Spenser. What brings you here?"

"A deeply-rooted love of the country, my dear Cissy; from a child I have revelled in—er—the green meadows and the purling brook. I always fly from town at every opportunity. And you?"

"I am staying at Barton," said Cecil Neville rather shortly.

Spenser Churchill raised his pale eyebrows with a faint surprise.

"With the marquis—with the uncle?" he said softly.

"Exactly. You are surprised: so was I when I got the invitation."

"No, really? Ah, I am so glad! It is so nice to see relations living together in harmony——"

"But we don't live in harmony!" broke in Neville, in his impetuous fashion. "We have only met once or twice, and have nearly quarrelled on each occasion."

"Oh, come, I don't think the dear marquis could quarrel with you, his nephew."

"No, you're right," said Neville, with a rather grim laugh. "The dear marquis doesn't quarrel, he's too highly polished to do anything so vulgar, he only carries on until one is driven half mad by the longing to pitch him out of the window—"

"My dear Neville! Always the same wild recklessness. Pitch the marquis out of the window!" and Spenser Churchill laughed—a kind of dove-like coo. "Now, that is so strange! I always find the marquis so delightfully charming——"

"But so you does everybody," retorted Lord Neville laughing.

"Well, most people are, aren't they?" said Spenser Churchill blandly.

"I don't know," replied Lord Neville. "I'm afraid I must be getting back. I'm due at lunch," he pulled out his watch, but instead of looking at it, glanced in the direction Doris had taken.

"Looking for anyone?" inquired Spenser softly.

Lord Neville started rather impatiently.

"No," he said, "oh, no. Where are you staying? I'll look you up——"

"I'll come with you," said Spenser. "The walk will be delightful, and I am so glad to see you."

"All right, come on then," said Lord Neville, and the two started in the direction of the Towers.

Spenser Churchill did most of the talking—it was almost like singing, so soft and bland and unobtrusive was the voice; Lord Neville listening rather absently, and making answers rather wide of the mark at times—for he was thinking of Doris—and when they reached the entrance to the avenue he stopped.

"I'm sorry I can't take upon myself to ask you in to lunch, Spenser," he said with a laugh, "but my uncle might—and probably would—consider it a liberty, and have you, possibly both of us, chucked out; and though I shouldn't mind it, you mightn't like it, you know."

"I really think I'll take the risk," said Spenser. "The marquis and I are such old friends, that I—yes, I'll chance being expelled."

"All right," assented Lord Neville as before. "Come on, then; and don't blame me if the consequences are as I suggested."

"No, I won't blame you," said Spenser Churchill.

They made their way to the hall, and the grooms of the chambers and the footmen received them as if they were royal visitors.

Lord Neville said,—

"Tell the marquis that Mr. Spenser Churchill has arrived please."

The groom did not look surprised, but merely bowed as he departed.

The drawing room was empty, and the two men stood talking for a minute; then the groom came and led Mr. Spenser Churchill to wash his hands, and Lord Neville went to his room. As he came down the luncheon bell rang, and he led Spenser Churchill into the dining room.

The marquis was already seated, and Lord Neville was about to explain Spenser's presence, when he saw the marquis give a start, and as he rose and extended his hand, Neville fancied that he noticed a peculiar twitch of the thin, colorless lips.

"Ah! Spenser," said his lordship, and he spoke, Lord Neville thought, with something less than his usual cold and biting hauteur, "this is a surprise! Pray be seated," and he himself sank into his chair, with no trace of the mental disturbance in his face or manner, if there had, indeed, been any.

"Yes, it is a surprise," said Spenser Churchill, softly, taking his seat, and unfolding his napkin, as if he had been lunching at the same table for months past; "I was so fortunate as to meet our dear Neville in the—er—fields, I may say, where he was roaming in happy and poetic solitude, and he was kind enough to assure me of a welcome if I came on with him."

"His assurance was—on this occasion—justified," said the marquis, with a cold glance at the young man.

Spenser Churchill smiled, as if the taunting and exasperating speech were one of the most amiable.

"Thanks," he murmured; "and you are well, I hope, marquis?"

"I am never ill," replied his lordship, as if he were quite incapable of such vulgarity.

"Ah, no, that is always so delightful of you!" said Spenser. "Our dear Neville enjoys the famous Stoyle constitution also; he is never ill, are you, Neville?"

"No," said Neville grimly, and without lifting his eyes from his plate.

"I have always been given to understand that the possession of rude health is the privilege of the fool!" remarked the marquis. "Of course, we are the exceptions from the rule."

"Exactly," murmured Spenser, as if this were the most charming of compliments. "Some of us, alas, have become convinced that we have hearts and livers!"

"Not all of us—so far as the hearts are concerned," said Neville, curtly.

The marquis almost smiled: to goad anyone into a retort made him as nearly happy as it was possible for him to be.

"Where are you staying? You will come on here, of course?" he said.

"I am staying at the hotel at Barton. I think they call it the 'Royal.' It would be quite too charming if it did not smell so strongly of stale tobacco and coffee. Thanks, yes, I shall be very glad."

The marquis looked at the butler, the look meaning, "Send for Mr. Spenser Churchill's luggage." The butler glided from the room.

"You find us quite a merry party," said the marquis. "We have another visitor besides Neville——"

"Who can scarcely be counted a visitor," murmured Spenser.

"Really that's scarcely fair," said the marquis blandly. "Neville has his faults, but he is not quite the nonentity you would represent him."

Neville raised his head, stung to a retort, when the door opposite him opened and Lady Grace entered.

She was charming, perfectly dressed, looking like a vision of one of Lippo Lippi's angels.

"I'm afraid I'm late—" she began lightly, then her eyes fell upon Spenser's smiling face, and her own paled. For a second she stood still and put out her hand as if seeking something to support her then her face resumed its usual serenity, and with a smile she came forward.

"Mr. Spenser Churchill! Really! What a nice surprise!"

"How good, how kind of you to say so!" he sang, as he bent over her hand.

"I am always good and kind; I can't help it. Well, Lord Neville, how have you been amusing yourself?" she went on, as he rose and arranged her chair for her.

"Under melancholy boughs in the

woods, musing in moody meditation, mentally morbid?" said Spenser Churchill. "I found him beside a purling brook, composing sonnets, Lady Grace."

"Or dreaming of last night's Juliet?" she said smilingly.

He looked up quickly, but her eyes seemed full of unconsciousness and innocence.

"You did go to the theatre last night, didn't you?" she asked. "They told me so."

"Yes, I went," he replied.

"And it *was* 'Romeo and Juliet,' wasn't it?"

He nodded.

She made a little grimace.

"Fancy 'Romeo and Juliet' at a country theatre, Mr. Churchill!—the Romeo striding about, all gasps and sighs, the Juliet fat, fair and forty! Poor Lord Neville!" and her silvery laugh rang softly through the room.

Lord Neville knew that it would be the better, wiser course to smile and shrug his shoulders, but he could not.

"It was quite the reverse," he said, and his voice sounded short and almost grim. "The play was well cast, and admirably staged. The Romeo didn't gasp or strut, and the Juliet—" he stopped, feeling that his voice had grown more enthusiastic, and was betraying him. "Oh! she played very well," he said.

"Indeed! Really!" exclaimed Lady Grace. "Oughtn't we to patronise the local talent, marquis?"

He raised his cold eyes to her lovely face.

"I am too old to commit mental suicide," he said; "take Neville's recommendation, and go, if you like, and be sorry for it."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"After all, I don't think I could venture on it; it would be—forgive me, Lord Neville—too awful. And so you have come to Barton, Mr. Churchill. And from whence, pray?"

They talked together in this light careless, half indifferent, *blasé* manner which is now—Heaven help us!—the fashion, and Lord Neville finished his lunch in silence.

"I promise nothing!" rang in his ears; "I promise nothing!" It was a strange answer. Most girls would have said, "Yes," or glanced at him, so to speak, indignantly; but, "I promise nothing!" she had said in her sweet, grave, penetrating voice. Would she come? And if she did, how much the happier would it be? What on earth had come to him, that he should be unable to think of anything but this lovely, bewitching girl, so beautiful in face, and great in genius?

He woke with a start as the marquis rose and bowed to Lady Grace who was quitting the room.

"Come with me and smoke a cigar," said Lord Neville to Spenser Churchill.

"Mr. Churchill will do nothing of the kind," exclaimed Lady Grace, stopping and looking over her shoulder, not at his smiling face, but at the opposite wall. "How inconsiderate you are, Lord Neville, you forget that I am dying to hear all the latest news."

"I thought you'd heard it all," he said with a smile.

"Not half!" she retorted. "I shall be on the terrace, Mr. Churchill."

He bowed and smiled, then he turned to the marquis.

"There used to be a very fine old port, marquis," he said.

The marquis glanced at the butler, who went out, and returned presently, carefully carrying a bottle in a wicker frame, and Mr. Spenser Churchill sipped the famous wine with angelic enjoyment.

"There is nothing like port," he murmured, "nothing. Yes, marquis, you look the picture of health. Ah, my dear Neville, depend upon it that the moralists are right after all, and that, if one would enjoy life at its fullest, the thing is to be good!" and he smiled beamingly at the marquis who had for a generation been called, "Wicked Lord Stoyle."

Lord Neville glanced at the pale, cold face of his uncle, expecting some cutting retort, but the marquis only smiled.

"You were always a moralist, Churchill," he said. "But your advice comes rather late for Neville, who has, I'm afraid, made acquaintance with the prodigal's husks pretty often."

"And now comes back to find the fatted calf killed for him," sang Mr. Spenser Churchill sweetly.

The marquis rose.

"Don't let me interfere with your port," he said.

Neville looked after him.

"I think I can stand about another day of this," he said quietly.

"After that you would really not be able to resist the temptation to throw him out of the window, eh? Fie, fie, my dear Neville!" murmured Spenser Churchill with a smile. "Shall we go and join Lady Grace? She won't object to a cigarette, I suppose?"

"I don't know; I never asked her," he said. "I'll go and get some cigars," and he sprang up and left the room.

Spenser Churchill's bland smile followed him for a moment or two, then the expression of his face wholly changed. His lips seemed to grow rigid, his soft, sleepy eyes acute, his very cheeks, usually so soft and rotund, hard and angular; and he sat with his glass held firmly in his hand, peering thoughtfully at the tablecloth.

Then he rose, and, carefully examining the bottle, poured the remains of it into his glass, and drank it slowly and appreciatively, and then stepped through the open window on to the terrace.

A slim and graceful figure leant against the balustrade. It was Lady Grace; her hands, clasped together, were pressed hard against the stone coping, as if they were trying to force their way through it, and the face she turned towards him was pale and anxious, the face of one waiting for the verdict, of one expecting the dread fiat of a judge.

With a benign smile, more n arked than ever, perhaps intensified by the famous port, he slowly approached her.

"What an exquisite view," he said softly, and extending his hands as if he were pronouncing a benediction on the scenery; "now that nature is in her spring-time. How refreshing, how inspiring, how vernal! I cannot express to you, Lady Grace, how deeply this beauteous prospect moves me! One must have a hard and unimpressionable heart indeed, who is not moved by such a landscape as this: so soft, so—er—green——"

Her clasped hands grew together more tightly.

"Why have you come here?" she said, suddenly, in a strained voice.

He raised his pale eyebrows.

"Here—on the terrace, do you mean, Lady Grace?" he said, in the voice of an innocent, unsophisticated child; "surely you forget. You, yourself, asked me!"

"Why have you come here?" she repeated.

Without changing his expression or his attitude of bland, serene enjoyment, he murmured:

"I came because I thought you wanted me——and you do!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRUELTY TO MOTHERS.

"CAN you help me a few minutes, Marion?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother.'

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those grey hairs come from overwork, and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That sigh comes because their mother feels neglected and lonely, while the girls are working for the women of India; that tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk around the house all day."

"Surely the girls help too?"

"What they can. But their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad—loving, industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time in bringing them up."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat; "I will take care of her if you will only stay!"

"Daughter, you must have nightmare—wake up, dear. I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those buttonholes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll send word to the guild professor that I must be excused to-day, for I am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I dislike to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time. Now, go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or classes in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquised, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time *she* does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well restored I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one—that I'll have by myself, if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one of the woman-rights class remarked to her:

"We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I hear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S.P.C.M."

—C. H.

CASTE IN INDIA.—The Brahman, of course, must be found wherever there is a temple; and the Rajput will be found in secular alliance with the service. Then, wherever there are a few houses clustered together will be found the Banirja, or money-lender. The Teli caste supplies the oilman, and the Barbi the carpenter, without which no village can get along. The cobbler, who also skins the carcasses of the cattle, is a Chamar; the washerman is a Dhobi; the barber is a Napit; and the scavenger is a Dom. Besides these castes are represented, Karmakar, the blacksmith; Kumbar, the potter; Madak and Kandu, the confectioners, who make up the farinaceous food of the people; Sunri, the wine-seller; Barai and Tamoli, who prepare and sell the pan-leaf and betel-nut; Tanti and Jugi, weavers; and Mali, the flower and vegetable dealer. These are the artisans of the community; and the agriculturists are Kaibarthas; the cow-keepers are Gwalis; the boatmen are Mallah; and the fishermen are Tevi. Intercommunication rests with the Kahar, or palkie-bearers. Learning is the province of the Kayastha, who furnish the schoolmaster, the village accountant, and the landlord's secretary or clerk. The day-laborers and the field-hands are Bhuinyas and Khawars.

INDICATING CALLIPERS.—A new callipers are designed to indicate on a scale the inside measurement of the thing to which they are applied. One leg of the callipers is prolonged and pointed to form the hand of a graduated scale, which gives the measurement. A modified form of the instrument is also made for telling outside dimensions.

Bric-a-Brac.

BOOK LOVERS.—Book-lovers have a language of their own. For example, a bibliopegist is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings; a bibliotaph is a book-miser; a bibliopole is a bookseller for bibliophiles; a biblioklept is a stealer of valuable books. A man who has a collection of choice manuscripts and refuses to let another consult them is a bibliotaph. Bibliolatry is the worship of books.

ST. MARK.—St. Mark is represented seated, writing. By his side is a couchant winged lion, emblematical of the resurrection, which grand mystery St. Mark so fully describes. There is a tradition that the lion's whelp is born dead and remains so three days until the father lion breathes upon his offspring and infuses into him the breath of life. Many think that this is the origin of the lion being always associated with St. Mark by the different artists.

PLAYING CARDS.—A tax upon playing-cards is universal in Europe, with the exception of Spain, America being the only other country which does not now tax playing-cards sold for home-consumption. France collects the tax by means of the paper used for making the cards, which is manufactured specially and is sold by the Government at a rate which covers the tax. In Italy and Germany a small device is impressed upon the ace of hearts, indicating that the tax has been paid.

KISSING.—One would suppose that kissing would obtain in Iceland, as the act is said to give warmth to the blood; but not so. A man who osculates an unmarried female there against her will—note the line, reader!—renders himself liable; and if he has obtained the lady's sanction, her cruel guardian can demand legal reparation! A Finnish matron—probably of Icelandic origin—hearing of our time-honored custom of lip service, declared that if her liege lord attempted such liberties with her, he would find the door locked when he next came home "from the lodge."

BIRD'S NESTS.—Many are the out of the way and strange places selected by birds in which to build their nests. They have been found in castaway boots and hats, under railway sleepers, and in divers unexpected associations; but of all the most extraordinary places is the interior of a human skull. The skull is that of some unfortunate Kaffir, who had probably been killed. In South Africa decomposition soon takes place, and in a short time the bones would bleach and fall to pieces. One portion of the skull had already fallen away, exposing the hollow cavity of the head, when the wagtails in search of a sheltered and cosy place, selected it for their nest.

A NEW VERB.—A new verb, to "ante-pone," has become a claimant for public adoption. It evidently avoids the round-about way in which, by several words of a sentence, we have been in the habit of expressing the idea which is the opposite of that contained in the accepted word "post-pone." This means to place after, in point of time; "ante-pone" means to place before, in point of time. It is correctly formed from two Latin words, and, in a literary point of view, can scarcely be objected to. It will be a more condensed and a shorter mode of expression to use single words such as "ante-pone," "ante-poned," "ante-poning," and "ante-ponement," than sentences stating that events fixed for a certain date were to come off on a date prior to the one originally intended.

CHINESE GIRLS.—A Chinese girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage, sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving. If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house, it is ominous of unhappiness in her new relations. A bride, while putting on her wedding garments, stands in a round, shallow basket. This conduces to her leading a placid, well-rounded life in her future home. After her departure from her father's door, her mother puts the basket over the mouth of the oven, to stop the mouths of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then sits down before the kitchen range, that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life.

If any one tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuse about what is said of you, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone."

WHAT?

BY D. R. H.

Oh, what is the love or the hate of men?
What is their praise or their blame?
Their blame is a breath, but an echo of death,
And a star that glows bright and is gone from the sight—
Ah! such is the vanishing guerdon of fame.

Oh, what is the grief or the joy of life?
What is its pleasure or pain?
The joys we pursue pass away like the dew;
And though bitter the grief, time brings relief
To the heart that is wounded again and again.

Oh, what is the loss or the gain of time?
And what is success' fair crown?
The gain that we prize—lo! it fades and it flies;
And the loss we deplore as quickly is o'er,
There is little to choose 'twixt life's smiles and life's frowns.

Oh, men they may love and they may hate,
It matters little to me,
For life is a breath, and hastens death
To gather in all, from the hut and wall,
To the house that is narrow—to the house that is free.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

NO; CERTAINLY Kathleen Elwyn was not the one who would betray another woman's weakness or publish another woman's misery! She had made up her mind long before she sat down to dinner that night that Lucille's secret, which she had so unfortunately discovered should be perfectly safe with her, and that what she had seen should, if possible, be forgotten by her.

Kathleen leaned forward across the green table to make her first stroke. Her graceful figure, as she stretched her arm along her cue, showed to its fullest advantage.

"Strike the ball a little to the right, Miss Elwyn!" called one.

"Not too hard!" cautioned another.

"Aim at the cushion just above the pocket!" said a third.

As for Colonel Elwyn, whose ball she was playing at, he entreated her ingubriously not to make an end of his wretched life before its time.

She was the object of general notice. Everybody crowded about her, Kathleen, as the fair young daughter of the house, would in any case have commanded a good deal of attention; but, in addition to her position as Lord Elwyn's only child and heiress, she had within her all the elements of great popularity—charming manners, good looks, a sweet-toned laugh, and one of the most unselfish dispositions in the world.

Everybody thought her a great improvement on the cold imperious Lucille, who for so many years had been the only girl at Clortell Towers, and everybody rejoiced in the genial change.

All this, which was by no means unnoticed by her deepened and intensified Miss Lucille Maitland's aversion and animosity.

Kathleen hit her ball sharply and pocketed the green ball triumphantly. A merry peal of laughter greeted her success. Colonel Elwyn, in mock woe, wrung his hands and bewailed her cruelty.

She looked very pretty laughing at him and rejoicing over his discomfiture. Then she played her second stroke—and missed! There was a little pause in the game. At this precise moment Lucille stepped up to her.

"Kathleen," she said distinctly and markedly, "I have only now remembered that I have forgotten to give you an important message that I have for you."

"A message, Lucille? Is it from dear papa?"

Somehow everybody was listening and waiting. Major De la Braille, whose play it was, was chalking his cue; the rest of the party were grouped around.

Lucille saw that Adrian, leaning against the table on the farther side, had his eyes fixed with an odd yearning expression in them upon Lord Elwyn's radiant young daughter.

Only Laurence Doyle, standing a little apart, looked very moodily and listened with averted eyes.

"Is it from papa?" inquired Kathleen again.

"Oh, dear, no—from a much nearer and dearer friend than your father."

"Indeed! I cannot conceive whom you mean!"

"I will not describe him. In fact," with a sneer, "he would be indescribable! He said he was 'a great pal' of yours!"

Kathleen's eyes were wide open with surprise. Everybody was listening; even Colonel Elwyn had forgotten to take his green ball out of the pocket, and drew near in order to hear what Lucille was saying.

"Will you kindly tell me whom you mean, and what the message was?" asked the girl very quietly. "I don't think it can be really for me—I know nobody whom I could call 'a great pal.'"

"Not? Ah, well, he called you his 'pal'!" laughed Lucille carelessly. "Here, my dear—it is a letter for you!"

She drew an envelope from her pocket, and flung it down with something like defiance upon the billiard-table—a dirty envelope, bulging out at one side, creased at the other, and with black finger-smudges across it—an envelope that did not look as if an educated person had fastened it up, even if the scrawling direction, "To Miss K. Elwyn," had not betrayed it to be the writing of an illiterate individual.

Everybody looked at it curiously. Kathleen colored. No suspicion of the truth had entered her mind as yet—only a suspicion of unfair play; some trick was being played upon her—it was some trap to make her appear ridiculous.

The publicity of the thing, the little veil of mystery in which Lucille had enveloped it, annoyed and disturbed her. She took up the envelope, and, murmuring a faint "Thank you," made as though she would have put it at once into her pocket.

"No, no!" cried Lucille. "You are to open it at once—before witnesses, I was told it was to be! Here we all are, ready to witness! Open it, Kathleen, or we shall think it contains something that you are ashamed of!"

"Oh, certainly!" she said coldly.

Everybody by this time was on tiptoe with curiosity. Kathleen tore open the envelope.

"What an absurd fuss about nothing!" she said.

There was an under-tremor of nervousness in her voice.

"It looks to me very much like a bill or a circular," she added, taking out a torn half-sheet of paper and something wrapped up inside.

Only a withered flower, that crumbled almost into dust as it fell out of the paper—a faded dog-rose—nothing more! What was there then of hidden meaning in this small and harmless thing which made Lord Elwyn's lovely daughter turn pale as death?

For one terrible moment her eyes closed, her white lips parted, the room seemed to reel and swim around her, she looked as if she were going to faint; then she staggered and caught at the table. The paper, slipping from her nerveless fingers, fluttered to the ground, and across it plainly written in large straggling characters like the handwriting of a child in a copy-book, was inscribed one word—which no one who glanced at it could help reading—the word "Remember!"

Out of the short silence of amazement and consternation that fell upon every one Lucille's little sneering laugh arose with cruel intensity, and her contemptuous words seemed to cut like steel.

"And it seems she does 'remember' too well for her own peace of mind!" she said, looking, not at her victim, but at the bystanders.

But she had gone a step too far. Seeing her stand there flushed and triumphant, opposite to the trembling girl who had caught at the table to prevent herself from falling, and who now leaned pale as death against it with a slow terror in her wide-open eyes, as of one who had received some dreadful shock, it was impossible not to feel indignant against the one and compassion towards the other.

Whatever Kathleen Elwyn might have done—and it was difficult to conceive that her extraordinary agitation did not point to some shameful secret—it was evident that it had been Lucille's deliberate plot to tear the veil of concealment away and to expose her publicly to humiliation and disgrace. A reaction set in in the mind of every one who was present; a murmur arose.

"What a shame!" cried one.

"Miss Elwyn is ill!" said another.

Colonel Elwyn came forward with a very grave and perturbed face, and offered his arm to his young cousin.

"Allow me to take you to a chair," he said, with cold politeness, although he was horribly upset at what had taken place.

The young man to whom she had been so kind at dinner-time had flown into the next room to fetch her a glass of wine; one of the ladies pressed her salt-bottle into her hand. The game of pool would evidently not be continued. Lucille sauntered away to the fireplace, and Mr. Doyle came and stood by her.

"I did that well, didn't I, Laurie?"

"Almost too well, Lucille! You were rather rough on her, poor girl! Who was the man who gave it to you?"

"Oh, quite a common man! There must have been some low intrigue between them. One can see that by her face, can't one? Adrian"—calling out to her lover across the room—"come here—I want you!"

Sir Adrian cast one glance of repulsion towards her. He was standing just at the spot where he had been when Kathleen had opened the fatal envelope. He looked like a man who had received bad news; he had not uttered a word, but his face was pale and drawn.

Now he slowly went around the billiard-table, stooped and picked up the fallen paper from the ground and the fragments of the withered flower that had dropped upon the table and wrapped them up together. Something that was almost a shudder came over him as he touched the inanimate things that had worked such terrible mischief.

What was their hidden significance? In any case, they could not be left lying on the ground—these silent evidences of an unknown trouble—whatever she had done? he asked himself, with a groan. But, whatever it was he must shield her—in common humanity he must stand between her and her foes.

She was just getting up from the armchair to which Colonel Elwyn had assisted her. She had eagerly swallowed the wine, and it had somewhat revived her—a little color had come back into her face.

"Thank you—I am better now," Adrian heard her say. "I felt faint. I don't know what it was—the heat of the room, I think. If you will all kindly excuse me, I think I will go and lie down for a little while."

She made her way out of the room, Colonel Elwyn, with polite gravity, holding the door open for her. She passed quite close to Sir Adrian Deverell; but she kept her face averted from him as she went by—he was the one person in the room whom it was absolutely impossible that she could look at.

"What do you think of your paragon now?" said Lucille's sneering voice close beside him, as the door closed upon Kathleen's departing figure. "And, when I tell you that that refined and high-toned love-letter was given me by a common rough man in a fustian suit, and he mentioned to me at the same time that he and 'Kathie,' as he called her, had been 'more than friends,' I leave you to judge of the sort of character your favorite bears."

"Good Heavens, it is impossible!" he groaned; and then, turning upon her with an outburst of anger, "But you, why have you played this wicked and cruel part towards her? What has she done to you, Lucille, that you must needs make such a public scandal of it? Why could you not have given it to her when she was by herself?"

"My dear Adrian, pray do not go into heroics! If you will only throw aside prejudice and look at the thing calmly, you will see that I was right. All along I have known that this girl has no rightful place amongst us; there are doubts about her antecedents—there were doubts about her mother. My aunt has been perfectly aware of it from the first; she even fancies that the persons who were supposed to have brought up Lord Elwyn's infant child substituted one of their own brats in its place, and, if my uncle had not been so determined to find an heiress, he would have been less easily taken in by them. My dear Adrian, 'What is bred in the bone comes out in the blood.' Kathleen is, without a doubt, a low-born girl, and it is a crying injustice that she should have been brought amongst us as if she were one of ourselves. It is evident that her past life amongst these farmer-people will not bear inquiring into, and it is just as well that the truth should be known and recognized. Depend upon it, my dear boy, it is better to have to do with women about whose parentage there is no shadow of doubt or mystery, and whose own lives from their cradle upwards have been always carefully watched and guarded from every appearance of evil."

Adrian had no answer to make to this highly correct and moral speech; his own faith and belief in Kathleen had received a rude and cruel shock—he had seen with his own eyes the agitation and the terror which it seemed to him that guilt alone could inspire. If she were less guilty than she appeared, she was in any case involved in some ignoble mystery.

There was another person whose disturbance of mind, although less deep, was scarcely less real than that of Sir Adrian Deverell. Colonel Alfred Elwyn had made up his mind to marry his young cousin.

She was young and charming; she was a brave and plucky rider, and a bright and agreeable companion; in addition, and above all this, she was her father's heiress; and, when the title came to him, as in due time it must, it would be extremely gratifying and convenient if at the same time the income to keep up his position and the large place that went with it should also come to him in the person of his bride.

He had been taken with the notion and with the girl herself three years back; but, the three years having passed, and Kathleen meanwhile having been perfected and improved by education and experience, he was more eager for the alliance than ever. He had already pledged himself to Lady Elwyn, who had stood his friend from the first, and he had intended to ask Kathleen's father formally for her hand on the very next day, and for leave to make her an offer of marriage.

Now he was plunged in doubt and perplexity; he did not at all like the scene which had taken place, or the inferences to be drawn from Kathleen's agitation. He had been a very bad man himself, and the little histories of his past life were without number, and all of them decidedly unfit for ears polite.

Still all this did not prevent his being ready to be the strictest of husbands and the severest of moralists with regard to his own wife.

Alfred Elwyn was not at all likely to make a good husband in any sense of the word; but he was quite determined that, if he did Kathleen the honor of marrying her, she should be to him a pattern wife—hence his extreme disturbance of mind with regard to what had taken place.

He went straight out of the billiard-room and sought Lady Elwyn in the drawing-room, and drawing her aside from the guests, proceeded to inform her of what had happened, and of his own annoyance and distress.

Lady Elwyn, who for once was not in her niece's confidence, was seriously disturbed; she endeavored to soothe the agitated Colonel.

"Lucille is so headstrong and inconsiderate—she acts so often upon impulse! You must let me talk to dear Kathleen, Alfred; she will confide all to me, I feel sure. I am of course like a mother to her. Do not distress yourself; I am sure that we shall find it all a mistake."

"Still I could not marry a girl who has mysterious letters and dead flowers sent to her, and who faints on receiving them," persisted the Colonel, who could be obstinate when he chose.

"I will inquire into it; I am sure it is nothing. Kathleen is as innocent as a child; it is some insignificant quarrel between the girls. There is, you know, a rivalry between them."

The Colonel knew that Lucille was imperious and spiteful; but he remained unconvinced concerning the insignificance of the scene which had taken place in the billiard-room.

Nevertheless, because she was a clever woman, and because she did her uttermost, Lady Elwyn did manage to console him somewhat; and, as his heart was in no way touched—only his pride and vanity—he consented to let things stand over till the morrow, and to be guided by Lady Elwyn's investigations in the matter.

Meanwhile there was no room in the whole house where Kathleen had been able to conceal her shame or struggle with the suffocation which was absolutely physical and which oppressed her almost to madness. Bare-headed and bare-necked as she was in her evening-dress, she had rushed out on to the terrace.

It was a clear beautiful night, the moonlight flooded the still frosty air with a radiance that was almost as brilliant as that of day.

Regardless of the keen air, of the solitude, Kathleen walked rapidly up and down in her utter misery, wringing her hands together in absolute anguish. In the eyes of everybody she had been disgraced and put to shame, and, above all, it had been in the eyes of the man she loved, and to whom she could never explain what had happened.

This she knew, but was too innocent at heart to guess the depth to which she had probably sunk in his estimation. What was more terrible was that the token which she herself had given long before, the sign

by which she was to be claimed, had come back to her at last.

She had believed that it was all over and forgotten—that that promise of old was to end in nothing—that it belonged to a past existence with which the present Kathleen Elwyn had nothing to do.

And, lo, it had sprung into a terrible reality—a living thing that could not be evaded or put aside any longer! In a few months she would be twenty-one, and Tom Darley would claim her; and to-day he had sent the pledge of her promise to her to remind her of what was her fate.

She understood all too well what was the meaning of that withered rose, and of the word of warning which he had sent with it; it seemed to her like a death-warrant.

It was strange perhaps that Kathleen, who was now so much older and wiser than when she had given her foolish promise to a man whom she had never loved, should not have believed herself to be capable of breaking that promise and of appealing to her father for protection.

She knew of course that she could do so in case of need; but she also knew that Darley's nature was bitterly revengeful, and she feared very much to draw down his revenge upon the head of the man she loved.

That word "Remember" held a sinister meaning to her.

When Sir Adrian had married and gone away, then perhaps she might dare to defy the anger of the man who pretended to claim her; but for the present she was in his power.

It seemed to the poor child that absolute misery awaited her whichever way she turned.

Either she must keep her old promise and leave her father's house in disgrace, bidding good-bye for ever to her new life and its luxuries and pleasures, and returning to the lowliness of her former station in the companionship of a man whom she feared, and whose surroundings and manners had become distasteful to her, or else she must break her promise and tell him so, and run the risk of the anger and jealousy which she would inevitably arouse in him.

She dare not turn for help to anybody—her secret was of too serious a nature; and, save Sir Adrian, she had no friend in whom she could confide; and to him—who was to be Lucille's husband so shortly—she felt it impossible to turn.

"What am I to do? What am I to do?" she repeated.

She walked up and down in the cold moonlight, her silken draperies trailing across the flagged stones of the terrace, and the cold night-air striking upon her unprotected head and bosom.

And then suddenly, from a deep shadowy angle of the large house, a man stepped forth into the moonlight and stood before her.

"So you've come to speak to me at last, Kathie? Well, I'm glad you've not quite forgotten!"

Lord Elwyn's daughter stood face to face with Tom Darley.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON SEEING Tom Darley Kathleen's first impulse was flight. She turned with a smothered cry, and ran along the terrace towards a side-door which opened into the gardens. But in a few strides Darley had caught her up, and, seizing her white arm, held it fast in a grip of iron. She stood still perforce, breathless and panting.

"Why do you run away, Kathie? Are you afraid of me?"

"Leave go of me, Tom!" she cried, struggling to free herself from his grasp. "You hurt me!"

"Will you stay, then, and listen to me, Kathie?"

"Yes, I will stay; but you can have nothing to say to me. Why do you persecute me?"

"Nothing to say to you, Kathie Elwyn! What—not when we shall be married so soon?"

She shivered, not with cold, but with repulsion and disgust.

"Tom," she cried, "why do you talk so foolishly? You must see how things are changed. In the old days I was just like one of the village-girls, and I did not know that I was different from any of them. Now it is all altered, and I am in a different position. Cannot you give up this foolish idea? I have never thought about marrying you lately. My father would disown me; I myself should be unsuited to you——"

Then a passion of rage swept over his dark rough face, his features worked convulsively, his eyes glared at her with something almost of madness in them.

Tom Darley had brooded over this thought so long, had hankered incessantly for the one thing on earth her loved, that the fierce hunger of his soul had well-nigh unsettled his mind with its fury of unsatisfied desire.

She shrank away from him, terrified at the result of her words. He caught her again by the wrist, and dragged her towards him roughly.

"And you dare to say that to me—you dare to tell me that, Kathie—to show me how bad and base your heart must be? It is you that have changed—nothing else; you have changed because you love money and luxury, and these wretched silks and jewels that you are decked in! It's the money that has changed you and spoilt your love for the honest man who has cared for you since you was a baby-girl!"

"Oh, no, no, Tom—it's not that indeed!"

"I might have guessed it. You never wrote to me, nor yet to them as was as good as a father and mother to you, and who are dead and gone."

"I did write once to them, Tom. I was forbidden to write to them; but I managed to do so once. I got no answer however; and I was dreadfully sorry when I learned of their death. But why should I have written to you?"

"What—not to your lover?"

"Tom, you cannot be my lover! It is impossible—I cannot marry you!" she found courage to say.

"What—you disown your promise then? Did you not get the flower that you gave me yourself—that was to be the token and sign betwixt us? Did that lady give it to you safe?"

"Yes, I got it. But, Tom, that makes no difference. I—I really cannot marry you! Do give it up!"

"Ah, then, I see how it is with you," he said, flinging away her hand—"there is another man who has come between us! I've thought as much when I watched you riding side by side, bending and stooping your heads together! Kathie, as there is a Heaven above us, I'll kill the man that has taken you from me!"

She trembled in every limb.

"No, no, Tom—there is nobody—nobody at all—you are mistaken! There is no one at all, Tom! If you would only be reasonable and understand——"

She wrung her hands distractedly together; it seemed to her that, sooner than bring down this terrible man's revenge upon the man she loved, it would be better for her to make any terms with him—to agree to any fate no matter how dreadful it was.

For that it was Adrian with whom Tom had seen her it never for one moment occured to her to doubt.

She knew he had seen them together from behind the shelter of the old iron gates on that eventful moonlit night three years before; she believed that he must have recognized him at once when he had lingered by her side in the hunting field. Her guilty heart told her that it was Sir Adrian alone of all the world who was dear to her, and no other man came for one moment into her thoughts.

Her fear for the man she loved made her utterly reckless with regard to everything else.

For a few moments she stood silent; it passed rapidly through her mind that Adrian could never be hers—that a gulf wider than death itself parted her for ever from him—that her love was hopeless, and that she had no real reason to believe that it was returned, although at the bottom of her heart she could not help fancying that her was not indifferent to her.

Whether he loved Lucille or no, it seemed absolutely certain that he would marry her, and that within a very short time too.

"What then," cried the girl to herself, "does it matter what happens to me? So long as he is safe and happy, what does any fate that may befall me signify? From the hour he is married my life ends, and, so long as I can avert evil from his dear head, I care not what misery I bring upon myself!"

There was even something fascinating to her in the thought of sacrificing herself for him.

He would never know it, but, all the same, he would owe his life to her. A sudden calm fell upon her—the calm of despair.

"Look here, Tom," she said quietly, "did you not promise that you would not trouble me until I was one-and-twenty? It wants three months yet to my birthday; it is you therefore who are breaking the contract between us. I am still under age—I can do nothing. Go away quietly, and don't come back to Clortell Towers until I am twenty-one."

"And then you will marry me?" he cried eagerly and gladly.

"And then I will tell my father of my promise to you."

"And you will be my wife?"

She heard a faint sound behind her. Turning her head rapidly, she saw, to her dismay, Sir Adrian Deverell come out on to the far end of the terrace in the moonlight and advance slowly towards them. He carried a cloak on his arm. She guessed that he was looking for her.

Tom did not see him. His eyes, lit with a burning passion that fired every nerve in his being, were fixed upon Kathleen's face—they seemed to be devouring her fair beauty; he saw nothing but her—had no ears for anything save for her words.

"You will marry me then—you will swear it to me?" he persisted.

She heard the distant footsteps draw nearer and nearer, every one more distinct than the last in the silence of the frosty air; in another moment not all Tom's absorption in herself would prevent him from becoming aware of his approach. As yet Tom had not seen him; and Adrian, still on the farther side of the terrace, had not caught sight of the two figures, who, as they talked, had moved instinctively into the shadow.

A perfect panic of terror and despair took possession of her. What catastrophe might not a meeting between these two men bring about? What ghastly tragedy might there not be enacted, under her very eyes, upon the steps of her father's house?

For all that she knew, Darley was armed and ready to carry out his murderous threats at a moment's notice; whilst Adrian, in his light evening dress-suit, unprotected and unwarned, might in one moment fall an easy victim to his ferocity.

She took Darley by the shoulders, and with all her strength pushed him still farther away, standing herself before him so that her face should conceal the advancing figure behind.

"If you will go now," she cried; "now—this very moment—and not return till my birthday, and not trouble me any more, I will swear anything you like!"

"You mean that—will swear to be my wife!"

"Yes, yes—anything you like! Only go, go—now—this moment! Turn round where you are without another word, another look, and go!"

"Swear to be my wife!" he repeated, scarcely believing the evidence of his own ears, and that she of her own free will was binding herself anew to him.

"Yes; I swear it a thousand times over!" she cried, half maddened with terror.

With a short laugh of triumph, Tom Darley turned round without another word, ran down the steps behind him, and disappeared into the deep shadow of the garden.

And those two last sentences—that last question and that last answer—had been overheard with perfect distinctness by Sir Adrian Deverell.

"I fear that I have interrupted an interview of an interesting nature," he began, with cold and distant politeness; then, suddenly seeing how her slender form swayed, and how she caught at the low wall of the terrace for support, and how she sank back against it, trembling from head to foot, his voice and manner changed, and he exclaimed impetuously:

"Good heavens, Kathleen, what has happened to you? What is the matter? And, child, what induced you to stand talking out here with nothing on your neck and shoulders?"

"You will catch your death of cold, child! Come in at once!"

Close beside them there was a small side-door, which was frequently left unfastened until a late hour. He opened it, and drew her hastily into the house.

On the right of the narrow passage into which it led was a small old-fashioned room which had been once used as a kind of play-room by the dead son of the house. He had been accustomed to sit here and amuse himself with carpentering and carving.

Now it was seldom if ever entered. There was no fire, but, after the cold without, it felt warm and comfortable. Adrian struck a match and lit the candles on the mantelpiece.

The small room was plainly furnished. There were book-cases all round the walls, a deal table in the centre, and two or three straight-backed chairs. Kathleen sank down upon one of them, hiding her face in her hands.

Adrian stood for a moment watching her silently. There were grief and disappointment in his face, and, above all, a great yearning misery of powerless longing. After a moment or two he spoke, gently and kindly. He had always been kind and tender to her.

"Kathleen, I must apologize to you. I have unwittingly overheard a secret of yours which was not meant for my ears. You were talking just now with some one—with some man. I—I overheard his last words and yours."

It gave him infinite trouble to say this.

"You heard?" she faltered, as she raised her face, which was white to the lips.

"Of course," he hastened to add, "what I heard is sacred—it shall never pass my lips; and, if possible—if possible"—his voice broke a little—"it shall pass from my memory."

She did not answer. Her face dropped helplessly and miserably down again upon her hands.

Since she could not explain to him or excuse herself, how could she help what he thought of her? He waited a moment; still she said nothing.

"Kathleen," he said gently, "will you not confide in me, dear child? Did you not promise me long ago that I should be your friend? I seem to fancy that you are in some great trouble or perplexity—can I not help you in any way? If you would only trust me, I think I might do something for you. See—I have brought you back those things which were so inappropriately given to you in the billiard-room this evening. They seem to upset you terribly. Can you not tell me what they mean, and why the sight of this dead flower with that mysterious word disturbed you so terribly?"

He had laid them down upon the table before her. She raised her head for one moment and looked at them dully and vacantly, as though she saw them for the first time; then she dropped her head down upon her bent arms.

"I cannot explain what they mean," she said.

Adrian sighed; he looked desperately disappointed. In a little while he spoke again.

"Kathleen do you love that man you have just parted from?"

She raised her face sharply.

"Love him?" she questioned.

Her face was pale and drawn; there were dark circles round her haggard eyes and lines of pain upon her forehead.

There was no love in that face of utter wretchedness; he could not believe it. He had told himself that she had somehow fallen in love with some one beneath her in position, and that it was her love that caused her unhappiness; but love had no place in the misery of her haunted eyes. He took a little hope to heart as he realized this. But what was it then?

"It is not love then that you feel for him?"

"Love!" she repeated once more; then a little wildly she cried out, "And you—you ask me that! Oh, it is too hard!"

This time she burst into tears.

To Adrian the sight of a woman's tears was absolutely intolerable.

He could stand by and see Kathleen white and trembling, tottering and almost fainting, and yet endure the spectacle with some amount of fortitude; but, when he saw the hot tears gather in her beautiful eyes and drop down one by one in a blinding shower through her fingers, and then all his courage forsook him and his anguish became unbearable.

He lost all control over himself, fell upon his knees by her side, drew her slight form impetuously into his arms, whilst wild words fell in a torrent incoherently and madly from his lips.

"Don't cry—don't cry, my little love—it breaks my heart to see you cry—I, who would die to save you from even one of those tears! For pity's sake, tell me your sorrow—let me help you! Sweet one, what can I do for you? Do not tear my heart with this agony!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRINKER: Oh! let up a little. There are some things to be said in favor of drinking.

Abstainer: What are they?

D.: Drunkard's luck, for instance. I fell down stairs once when I was "under the influence," and wasn't hurt a bit. If I had been sober I would have been killed.

A.: You are mistaken, my friend. If you had been sober, you wouldn't have fallen down stairs.

IT'S no trouble to me to pay a bill, or the man who brings it. The trouble is to pay it.

IT is generally "all up" with a man when he begins to go down hill.

RAIN PICTURES.

BY ALFRED NORRIS.

Rain from a blackened cloud;
Down in a drenching rush, whilst the gusty wind blows loud,
And the muffled thunder breaks and ranges in dull deep roar,
As the plunge of the pouring flood grows awfully more and more.

Rain from the cottage eves;
Dripping so gentle and soft thro' the budding of green spring leaves,
Whilst the birds cower close to their nests and watch it with bright quick eyes,
Then prune their breasts with their bills and twitter a glad surprise.

Rain past a rainbow high;
Arched o'er this little earth, spanning the whole vast sky,
Teaching that trouble must come, and torrents of tears must fall,
But a throne has been set up in heaven; a Promise is over all.

MARGERY.

BY M. A. D.

CHAPTER VII.

IT WAS a very white-faced, dark-eyed Margery who waited the next morning until Estelle and Douglas should come to breakfast; so white and tired-looking that Douglas exclaimed, as he said good-morning:

"What did you do to yourselves last night, you and Estelle? You are both like ghosts this morning!"

Then, catching sight of a letter lying on his plate, he went on, without waiting for an answer:

"Hallo, a letter from Brownlow!"

He opened and read it quickly, with an exclamation of dismay, and then he said:

"Margery, will you ring, dear? He sends me very bad news—business news. I must catch the 9.50 to town."

A little cry broke from Margery, and she stood with her hand on the back of the chair in which she had just been seated herself, her eyes fixed on Estelle's face, her lips parted. Douglas went on:

"I'm not altogether surprised. I have known for some time that I might have to go away for a time; but, it was so uncertain, I thought it wasn't worth while to bother about it. It is a nuisance; but there is no alternative. I must go."

Estelle had not moved or spoken even at his first words. Now she said slowly, in a low tone:

"Is it absolutely necessary, Douglas?"

He was at her side in a moment.

"Would I leave you, Estelle, even for a day, if I could help it?"

She raised her eyes to the face that was bending over her, and something in its loving, tender look seemed to touch her. She rose suddenly, and, stretching out her hands to him impulsively said:

"Take me with you, Douglas; take me with you!"

He caught her hands in his and kissed them eagerly.

"Thank you, my darling, thank you," he said, his voice was full of passionate love. "I would take you more gladly than I can say; but it is impossible. I may have to go abroad, to travel fast and rough it a bit. No; you must stay here and welcome me back."

The eagerness died suddenly out of her face. She dropped his hands and stood for a moment looking into his face.

"Is it impossible?" she said.

"Sweetheart, it is impossible," he answered.

At Estelle's words, Margery's face had lighted up with an inexpressible joy and hope; but, as she listened to Douglas's answer, it died away and left her very pale and cold.

For an instant, she felt as if she must speak; as if she could not, must not let Douglas go away and leave them alone. Estelle had listened to her last night, had promised to send Stephen Baxerley away that very day; but would he go, would Estelle hold firm?

As this last thought rose in her mind, she turned to Douglas with an impulse to keep him at any price.

"Douglas," she began, "Douglas," but the sight of his tender, regretful face as he looked pityingly at his wife, stopped her suddenly.

He had refused Estelle; he had told her that his going was absolutely necessary. Nothing would stop him but the truth, and the truth she could not tell him. It would break his heart.

During the busy half-hour that followed she moved about mechanically, until at last she woke to the fact that she and Douglas were alone together for a moment, and that he was holding both her hands in a strong, earnest clasp.

"Little one," he was saying, "you know what it is to me to be parted from her; you know what she is to me. I leave you in her care. Take care of her for me, Margery, take care of my love."

But Margery looked straight into his face, and answered:

"Douglas, I will."

Then he was gone.

For some time life passed quietly and smoothly at Orchard Court. Douglas wrote constantly, but the date of his return was always uncertain.

Margery's bright spirits never flagged, though she sometimes told herself that she was beginning to feel "quite old."

Estelle never mentioned Stephen Baxerley. Margery knew that she had written to him on the day of Douglas's departure; knew that he had left Hackley; and knew no more.

To her, Estelle was always tender and sweet, though the old, listless apathy had returned, and she seemed to care for nothing; to be interested in no one.

It had been a hot day, and Margery, who was not as strong as she had once been, had suffered so much from the heat, that in the evening Estelle insisted on leaving her on the sofa and taking her walk alone.

Margery lay quietly reading for more than an hour, and gradually fell asleep. She slept on and on until daylight faded, and it grew quite dark; and at last she suddenly started up with a little stifled cry:

"Yes, Douglas," she said, aloud, "I will! I will!"

Then, as consciousness returned to her more fully, she sank back again, trembling from head to foot, and cried to remember what it was that she had dreamt.

What had Douglas said to her? Why had he looked so sad and stern?

"Where is my love, Margery? Where is my love?"

As the remembrance flashed vividly back on her, she sprang to her feet and rang the bell.

"Has Mrs. Hollis come in?" she asked the man who answered it.

"Yes, miss," he answered. "She came in about an hour ago. She said she wouldn't disturb you, and she left her love and good-night."

"Her love and good-night!" echoed Margery. "Why, has she gone to bed? It can't be late. It is hardly dark."

"It is about half-past eight, miss," answered the man. "My mistress looked—looked—not very well, miss, I think."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Margery. "I wish she had woke me. I will go up to her at once."

But her gentle knock at Estelle's door received no answer, and she had repeated it twice again, before the clear, low voice said:

"What is it?"

"It is I, Estelle—Margery. Is anything the matter? May I not come in, Estelle?"

There was a pause, and then Estelle answered:

"Not to-night. I am tired."

Margery hesitated. She felt that to go away like that would be impossible. Something had surely happened. What could it be?

"Estelle," Margery said at last, very gently, "Estelle, is there anything the matter?"

Again there was a pause, and then Estelle said, in a tone against which Margery felt it was impossible to appeal:

"Nothing; good-night."

"Good night, Estelle," said Margery, reluctantly, and went away.

But the very next morning Margery reproached herself bitterly for having done so.

Estelle came down looking so white, so worn, and yet with something so absorbed and unapproachable in her manner, that Margery could only make timid, tender inquiries as to whether she was ill, and regret from the very bottom of her heart that she had left her alone the night before.

Directly after breakfast Estelle went back to her room, saying that her head ached badly, and that she only wanted to be alone; and when callers came late in the afternoon, she sent down excuses, and begged that Margery would explain. Explain! Margery only wished she could!

The callers were two sisters, the liveliest girls in the place, and they entertained Margery with a tirade against the dulness of Hackley and the surrounding neighborhood.

"We were so sorry to hear that Mr. Baxerley had gone away for good," said the elder. "This summer has been a little less dull than usual, thanks to him and to Mr. and Mrs. Hollis and you, Miss Venner; and I hoped he would have cheered us up through the winter. We thought he had quite settled down; and then he went away so suddenly; and I believe he is not coming back at all."

"But he has come back," interposed her sister. "Did I not tell you, Lill, I saw him yesterday evening down in Old Foxley Lane? He must have been for a walk, I suppose, for one hardly ever sees any one there."

The news was so deeply interesting and exciting to both sisters that neither of them noticed Margery's silence, or the expression of her face as she wished them good-bye a few minutes later.

That she did so with absolute calmness and self-possession was astonishing to herself as she realized what they had said. Mr. Baxerley back in Hackley, and Estelle—— What did it mean?

It was a close, sultry evening, with heavy thunder-clouds darkening the sky; and with a sense of absolute suffocation, Margery, alone in her own room, pushed the window yet more widely open, and kneeling down by it laid her hot face on the sill.

What ought she to do? What could she do now? For the first time she seemed to realize the position—to understand.

In the passion of love and pain that had driven her to speak on that night, Estelle personally had no place in her thoughts. It was for Douglas, through him alone, that she had felt.

She had been altogether carried away and overstrung; and her devoted love and pity for him had encircled his wife also, and thrown about her a halo which nothing could have dissipated.

But now, now with no strong emotion working on her, with simply facts forcing themselves upon her, she seemed to see it all from an entirely new point of view, and her whole soul seemed to rise in repulsion against the woman who could do this thing.

Douglas loved her, Douglas trusted her utterly, and she had given her heart to a man so base that he could steal it from the husband to whom it belonged.

She started to her feet with flaming cheeks and shining eyes, and stood there with her hands pressed tightly together, and her mouth set as its gentle lines had never set themselves before. She was thinking how she could bear to meet Estelle, to speak to her, to take her hand. Ah! it was impossible! She was too wicked—too wicked.

Suddenly, as her anger rose every moment higher and higher against the woman who had so wronged Douglas, there came a hurried knock at the door. She started violently, and instinctively waited for the knock to be repeated, that she might have time to master herself sufficiently to allow her to say, steadily, as it came the second time, "Come in."

It was a servant with a telegram; it said only:

"Shall be home this evening. —DOUGLAS."

The servant had left the room, and, as she finished reading, the paper fluttered to the floor from her trembling fingers, and she lifted her hands vaguely and uncertainly to her head.

Coming home! Douglas was coming home! What had he said to her when he went away?

"Margery take care of my love!"

His love—his love! It was Douglas's love of whom she had been thinking these terrible things. How long had she been there, she wondered? It was growing dark—very dark.

She picked up the telegram, and, as she did so, she noticed that it was addressed to Mrs. Hollis!

Why, of course it was for Estelle! How stupid of the servant! Why had he brought it to her? She must take it to Estelle at once. No; she would wait a little before she went to her. She would send the servant.

"This is for Mrs. Hollis," she said to the woman who answered her bell; "why did you bring it to me?"

"Please, miss, we could not find the mistress," was the answer. "She must have gone out, I think. She is not in her room or anywhere about downstairs."

"Gone out!" said Margery, with a wondering glance at the lowering sky; "gone out!"

Even as she uttered the words, with a flash of unerring conviction she knew why Estelle was out, and with whom.

The sudden shock of the thought seemed to steady her, to brace her nerves up. Hastily telling the servant that her master would be home some time that evening, she took her hat and went quickly out of the house.

Estelle must be found; must be found at once. All the personal feeling of anger and repulsion that had shaken her a little while before, had disappeared.

It was Douglas's love she was going to look for. It was for his sake she must be found. She had no clue, except the words of the girl who had spoken of seeing Mr. Baxerley in Old Foxley Lane—an almost disused road, running round a particularly dreary bit of moorland. And to Old Foxley Lane she hurried. But she found no one.

She went on and on, hoping against hope, that each turn of the road would bring in sight the graceful figure for which she strained her eyes in vain. Estelle—to find Estelle—was all her thought.

Suddenly, lying on the ground a little in front of her, she saw a handkerchief—a lady's handkerchief. She picked it up eagerly, and in one corner was the slender finely-embroidered "E," that she had once said, laughingly, was so like Estelle herself.

She had been there, then—she had been there! Where was she now? Why, there was something else lying in the road. A letter. Estelle must surely have dropped that, too. A letter addressed to Margery herself.

For a moment Margery stood with the envelope in her hand, staring at it as if fascinated. A sudden unspeakable fear fell on her. Why should Estelle write to her?

Sick, and cold as death, with shaking fingers and twitching lips, she opened the letter, and, standing in the lonely lane with the twilight falling round, and the yellow light of the coming storm to light her, she read it. It told her that Estelle was gone.

Margery stood there motionless, her face grey and drawn, her eyes dilated, staring at the words that seemed to be burning themselves into her brain.

The storm was darkening round her, little gusts of wind ruffled the brown hair, and caught at her dress, and at the letter in her hand.

Great drops of rain began to fall. Gradually she became conscious of some other words—words which she seemed to hear at first far off, and indistinctly, but which came gradually nearer and nearer, until the air rang with them; they were deafening her—crushing her:

"My love! My love! Margery, take care of my love! Take care of my love!"

Douglas had said to her, and this, this was how she had done it. Why, he might be at home now, waiting for them, waiting for Estelle—for Estelle, who was gone! But was she gone? As this new thought entered her head, the terrible voices round her suddenly ceased, and clasping her hands over her eyes, she struggled to think, to understand.

This letter had been dropped, like the handkerchief, by accident. Estelle had not intended it to reach her until the next morning.

Perhaps—oh, perhaps, after all, it was not too late! She raised her head suddenly, a passion of intense hope shining in her eyes, and, coming down the lane towards her, she saw a little boy.

They might have gone in that direction. He might have seen them. He came slowly along, apparently looking for something and as he came up to her, he said:

"There wur a lady dropped a letter hereabouts. Happen you've see it, miss?"

Margery's heart seemed to stand still at these words.

"A lady!" she said. "Where?"

"On t' Farley Road yonder, driving in a carriage along of a gentleman. Her gave me half dollar for to put it in post, but I canna find it."

Then, in an instant, Margery saw it all. They were driving to Farley, a lonely village on a small branch—one from which they could go away by train unnoticed. Unless they could be reached before that, Estelle was lost indeed.

It was a long, winding road, up and down hill; but there was a footpath across country that joined Farley Road with Old Foxley Lane, and was not quite half as long as the driving road.

"When did you see her, and how far from here?" she asked the lad, in such a sharp tone, that he answered at once, with a stare:

"No more nor a quarter-hour gone a little bit on."

A quarter of an hour! A quarter of an hour's start! There was no one to help her, no one to trust to.

"Take care of my love, Margery! Take care of my love!"

Douglas was coming—might be waiting now! He should not wait in vain—she would save Estelle for him, and take her back.

Without a moment's pause, without another thought but that she must do it, that she must be there in time, she sprang over the stile into the footpath, and started on her almost hopeless chase.

On she ran, till her breath came quick and fast, and she felt a sharp pain gather round her heart. On, on, quicker and quicker, her face turning whiter, her eyes wild and large, her breath coming in quick, painful sobs.

The storm had broken fiercely, and her quickly soaked dress seemed to hold her back; the lightning dazzled her.

The pain was getting sharper every instant, turning her sick and giddy. A dreadful fear seized her that she was going slower—that in another moment she must fall.

Hark! What was that? It was a faint distant, indistinct sound which seemed to bring back, all at once, her failing strength, to put new life into her trembling limbs—the far-off sound of wheels, the quick trot of horses.

She was so near the road that she could see the opening through which she must reach it; could see, too, coming rapidly along the road, a carriage. Could she do it? Would she be in time? If that carriage passed the gap before she could reach it, Estelle was utterly lost, and Douglas ——!

With one last agonised effort, choked, blinded, she rushed desperately forward, and, as Stephen Baserley drove rapidly along by Foxley Gap, a little figure sprang as it seemed, out of the hedgerow, and caught blindly at the rein of the horses, while a strained, shrill, unnatural voice cried hoarsely, "Estelle! Estelle!" as Margery fell senseless under the horses' feet.

* * * * * *

"She moved a little!"

They had carried the poor little broken figure into the drawing-room at Orchard Court where Douglas Hollis was waiting for his wife; and there, by the side of the little girl who had loved him, all unconsciously, with such a perfect woman's love that she had given her life for the woman he loved—that woman, utterly crushed by her pity and remorse, had prayed for his forgiveness.

"She moved a little."

It was Douglas Hollis who spoke; and at the sound of his voice the poor little sabon face quivered, the drawn lips moved, and slowly the faithful brown eyes unclosed.

It was on Douglas's face that they rested; and the look of perfect love that they had always held for him in life shone in them now that death was clouding them fast.

"Douglas," she whispered, very faintly, "I did take care of her, Douglas—dear?"

Then Margery died.

[THE END.]

OF LOST MONEY.

MEN WHO are entrusted with the handling of large sums of money often display a singular lack of care in guarding their trusts. A special providence often guards the careless man and brings back the lost treasure that he has unwittingly allowed to slip from his grasp.

A remarkable incident is related of the finding of $26,000, lost by a M. Pages in the Northern Railway station in Paris some ten years ago.

As one Esclot, a French soldier, was walking with two comrades through the station, they noticed on the ground a small package wrapped in a newspaper.

They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Esclot was getting into the train, going home on short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas forage bag slung at his side, Esclot going on his way without having perceived the circumstance.

Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived, Esclot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but thinking it a roll of old newspapers, put it on the table in the kitchen.

There it remained for four or five days, till a married sister, calling in and seeing the package, was moved by an unwonted curiosity.

Opening it she discovered documents representing the $26,000, the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe.

The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the mayor. That functionary, communicating with Paris, speedily brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of $1,000, went off with his oddly-recovered treasure.

The paymaster of a large railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with $80,000 to pay off its employes. The money was carried under his arm, wrapped up in an old newspaper.

He stopped at a little wayside eating-house for dinner, and on going away, in a fit of absent mindness, left the money lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined.

Almost despairing of recovering the package left in so public a place, he hurried back, and, with trembling voice, asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel.

"There's a bit of paper on the chair beyant," she said; "perhaps that's it," which it proved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and wiser man.

Another man in the same city lost a roll of bills amounting to $12,000, which, also, was wrapped up in a newspaper.

He told a friend of the loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the post office.

The night was wet overhead and slushy under foot. They visited the post office, and on going to the spot where the man had been standing, they found two or three torn bits of newspaper.

It was the same. They looked further, and at last found the lost treasure.

It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all there, however, and the friends returned to their hotel and spent several hours in cleaning and drying it.

The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from a serious loss that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch chain that he could find in the city.

An interesting story is told of a long search for and final recovery of a gold dollar, which may be appropriately quoted in this connection.

A young lady in a town in New Jersey had a gold dollar with a monogram inscribed upon it, which had been the subject of a good deal of attention. It was attached to a bracelet by a chain.

One evening in February, after a sleigh ride, she missed it, and the broken chain showed plainly how it had disappeared. Search was at once made, but without avail; and the loss was advertised.

Finally the advertisement met the eye of a habitual loafer about town. He went to the house and said that he had found the dollar below the steps of the sleigh the morning after the ride, and had spent it in drink.

The friends of the young lady determined to find the keepsake for her if possible. The barman remembered receiving the coin, but had paid it over to a butcher. The latter recollected paying it to a drover.

The address of the drover was secured, and a letter written to him, requesting a reply at once. It soon came, and contained the information that he had purchased a ticket to Philadelphia with the money on the very day the butcher had given it to him, and that the ticket clerk had then remarked about the monogram.

The search was continued. The ticket clerk remembered the dollar, and said he had laid it aside for a few hours, but that it was forwarded to Philadelphia with the daily accounts.

The receiver of the New Jersey receipts at Philadelphia was next corresponded with. The beautiful monogram had been noticed, but the money had been deposited in the bank.

The manager was communicated with. His attention had been called to the initials on the back of the dollar by one of the clerks, and he had instructed him to place it on one side for a few weeks.

Unfortunately, in the absence of the clerk a gentleman desiring several hundred dollars in gold, preparatory to a Californian trip, had been furnished with the amount, and the little piece had in some way been mixed with that sum and gone westward.

The gentleman's name was furnished, and a letter was sent to him. The remainder of the spring and summer passed with no tidings of the lost bauble.

Finally, however, a letter was received from the gentleman, stating that the letter had been delayed owing to a mistake in the address, and had only just reached him, but that he still had the dollar in his possession.

The initials were the same as those of a young friend of his, and he had kept the coin on that account.

On receiving the proper direction he promptly returned the gold dollar so persistently searched for, the curious history of whose wanderings affords an excellent example of how fast money travels.

THE END OF A ROMANCE.—The voice of the lady trembled slightly as she looked at the middle-aged but well-preserved gentleman before her and said:

"Can it be possible? Is this Henry Slumpus, the friend and companion of my earlier days?"

"It is, Florence—Mrs. Grampus," he said, his own voice betraying an excitement he could not suppress. "I have come five hundred miles to see you."

"How strange," she said, as she sank back into a chair. "Pray be seated, Harry—Mr. Slumpus. How it seems to bring back old times to see you again!"

"It does—it does!" he replied. "Twenty years have gone. It seemed an age. Yet how lightly time has touched you! Pardon me for saying so, but you look scarcely a day older than on that sad, bitter morning, so long ago, when that foolish quarrel, in which I was to blame, separated us——"

"Don't speak of it, Har—Mr. Slumpus," replied the lady. "I was not blameless myself. But tell me your history. Where have you been and what have you done in all these years? Are you—are you—"

"Married?" he interrupted, in a voice that quivered in spite of him. "No. There has never been room in my heart for more than one love!"

For a few moments he was silent, and then he resumed:

"When I left your presence that memorable morning, I went far away. I threw myself into business, caring little whether I was successful or not. I prospered. In due time I learned through a friend of your marriage to Mr. Grampus. I threw myself still deeper into business. I made fortunes and lost them again, unmoved by either success or failure. At present I am not rich, but am in comfortable circumstances, with my means invested in a business that furnishes me a satisfactory income. I learned a few days ago, by accident, that you had been a widow for several years, and longing came upon me to see you again. I could not resist it, and I am here. Are you sorry to see me, Florence?"

"I—I am not," said the widow, softly. "You have told me of yourself, Mr. Slumpus——"

"Call me Harry, please."

"Well—Harry—and it may interest you to know that Mr. Grampus, while not wealthy, left me a competence which is invested in a business that is in every way prosperous."

"May I ask what it is?"

"It is an establishment for the manufacturing of russet shoes."

The visitor rose and took his hat.

"My romance is at an end, Mrs. Grampus," he said, in a hollow voice. "I am a manufacture of liquid shoe blacking."

CAUSE OF DIFFERENCE.—The aptness with which a madman will turn an argument is well known. The following is an amusing instance. An inspector visiting the asylum at X., was requested by the medical superintendent to be very careful to address a certain patient as "your imperial majesty," the poor man imagining himself to be Julius Cæsar, and becoming furious if he did not receive what he considered proper respect.

The inspector was careful to follow instructions, and all went well. On a subsequent visit he again addressed the patient by the same title.

"What do you mean?" was the reply. "Don't talk nonsense. I'm Plato."

"Oh!" said the inspector, "I beg your pardon, but I thought you were Julius Cæsar last year."

"Well, yes," replied the lunatic, "so I was, but it was by another mother!"

ARTIFICIAL BOARDS.—A Swiss inventor has perfected a method of making artificial boards, and is advocating their use in building. They are made of a mixture of plaster of Paris and reeds pressed into shape by hydraulic process. The material has the advantage of incombustibility and lightness, and will resist the warping action of atmospheric changes.

THE man who keeps a secret from his wife may be a discreet man, but he teaches his wife to keep a secret from him by doing it.

Scientific and Useful.

YOUR WEIGHT.—Among the curious machines recently patented is one which, when you step upon the platform and deposit your coin in the slot, indicates your weight upon a dial, soothes you by music, and prints for you a slip certifying your weight—presenting you with a card of admission to the waiting room.

PIGEONS.—A new use has been found for the carrier pigeon in Russia, carrying negatives taken in a balloon to the photographer's. The papers there give an account of some experiments to this end recently made, in which the Czar's winter palace was photographed in the air, the plates being sealed in paper bags impenetrable to light, tied to a pigeon's foot, and sent to the developer.

BIG GUNS.—It has been reported that two large Russian guns have recently been constructed for the ironclad *Sinope*. These weapons have a twelve-inch bore, weigh each fifty tons, and will throw a projectile which weighs nearly half a ton. With a charge of two hundred and seventy pounds of powder, the guns will have a range of thirteen miles; and as the object fired at will at that distance be quite out of sight, the guns must be directed by the aid of a map.

OIL AND WAX.—Many housewives are now aware of the virtues of paraffin oil in saving rubbing and in cleansing clothes on washing-day; but it is not so generally known that another common product of the oilworks is even more powerful in its cleansing properties, while it has the additional good quality of being entirely destitute of smell. This useful product is paraffin wax, from which most of the better-class candles are now made, and which may be purchased from most oilmen. Experience and practice will guide most people in the use of paraffin wax; but the following method has been found workable and effective: Melt half a pound of soap to about one ounce of refined paraffin wax, for every six gallons of water used. Boil the clothes in this for twenty minutes or half an hour, then rinse, and the washing is over. No rubbing is said to be required, while the clothes are rendered beautifully sweet and clean, and entirely free from smell, which is an objection by many to the use of paraffin or coal oil.

Farm and Garden.

PAINT.—Any kind of cheap paint on farm buildings is better than none, as the oil will assist in preserving the wood and preventing warping.

CUTTING OFF LIMBS.—When a limb is cut from a tree it should be as close to the body as possible. The cut should be a smooth one, without bruising the bark, and the cut surface should be covered with some kind of cheap paint mixed in oil.

TANKS.—Banking the earth around fruit trees will serve to protect the roots and also to cause the water to flow away from the trees, thereby preventing pools from forming around the trees. The ground being kept dry, trees will endure the cold better.

CORNSTALKS.—Cornstalks, from which the blades have been eaten, make excellent material in the lanes and roads leading to the barn. They prevent the accumulation of mud, and will be trampled fine during the winter by stock, when they may then be hauled to the manure heap.

AT ITS BEST.—An animal is at its best when it has a good appetite and is thriving. To get it in condition for the butcher in the shortest time is to have it consume all the food possible. The longer an animal is kept at the stall feeding, in order to reach the stage desired for market, the greater will be the loss of food, as a large portion of the food is utilized for repair of waste of tissue; hence the shorter the time the animal reaches the market the smaller the amount of food required proportionately.

TURKEYS.—A Kentucky man raised a large drove of turkeys this year, and by placing a bell upon the old mother that led them he accustomed them to follow the sound. When the time came to work his tobacco field he removed the bell, placing it on his own waist, and while working his crop with the hoe the hungry turkeys followed the familiar tinkle of the bell, picking the stalks clean of the worms as they followed him up one row and down the other. The turkeys have done the work of five men and saved the crop.

LET your anger set with the sun, but not rise with it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

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The attention of our subscribers is directed to the grand premium offer on another page.

Of Self-improvement.

Mere lectures, reading and conversation, without thinking, are not sufficient to make a man of knowledge and wisdom.

It is our own thought and reflection, study and meditation, which must attend all the other methods of improvement and perfect them. It carries these advantages with it.

Though observation and instruction, reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation, and the labor of our own thoughts, that must form our judgment of things.

Our own thoughts should join or disjoin these ideas in a proposition for ourselves. It is our own mind that must judge for ourselves concerning the agreement or disagreement of ideas, and form propositions of truth out of them.

Reading and conversation may acquaint us with many truths, and with many arguments to support them. But it is our own study and reasoning that must determine whether these propositions are true, and whether these arguments are just and solid.

It is confessed there are a thousand things which our eyes have not seen, and which would never come within the reach of our observation, because of the distance of times and places. These must be known by consulting other persons, and that is done either in their writings or in their discourses.

But after all let this be a fixed point with us, that it is our own reflection and judgment which must determine how far we should receive that which books or men inform us of, and how far they are worthy of our assent and credit.

It is meditation that conveys the notions and sentiments of others to ourselves, so as to make them properly our own. It is our own judgment upon them, as well as our memory of them, that makes them become our own property.

It does, as it were, concoct our intellectual food, and turns it into a part of ourselves; just as a man may call his limbs and his flesh his own, whether he borrowed the materials from the ox or the sheep, from the lark or the lobster; whether he derived it from corn or milk, the fruits of the trees, or the herbs and roots of the earth. It has all now become one substance with himself; and he wields and manages those muscles and limbs for his own proper purposes which once were the substance of other animals or vegetables; that very substance which last week was grazing in the field, or swimming in the sea, waving in the milk-pail, or growing in the garden, has now become part of the man

By meditation we improve the hints that we have acquired by observation, conversation and reading; we take more time in thinking; and by the labor of the mind we penetrate deeper into themes of knowledge, and carry our thoughts sometimes much farther on many subjects than we ever met with either in the books of the dead or discourses of the living.

It is our own reasoning that draws out one truth from another, and forms a whole scheme of science from a few hints which we borrowed elsewhere.

By a survey of these things we may justly conclude that he who spends all his time in hearing lectures, or poring upon books, without observation, meditation or converse, will have but a mere historical knowledge of learning, and be able only to tell what others have known or said on the subject.

He that lets all his time flow away in conversation, without due observation reading or study, will gain but a slight or superficial knowledge; which will be in danger of vanishing with the voice of the speaker; and he that confines himself merely to his closet and his own narrow observation of things, and is taught only by his own solitary thoughts, without instruction by lectures, reading or free conversation, will be in danger of a narrow spirit, a vain conceit of himself, and an unreasonable contempt of others; and after all, he will obtain but a very limited and imperfect view and knowledge of things, and he will seldom learn how to make that knowledge useful.

HAVE patience to wait and perseverance sufficient to prevent your growing weary. Even God finds the conversion of a soul, in one sense, not an easy thing. It is because she does not know how to "wait" that the pious woman is often exacting towards the soul she wishes to reclaim. "The more haste we make," says a wise man, "the less do we progress." The more we try to exact, the more we expose ourselves to a refusal. Men like to move apparently without restraint, and have themselves the merit of their virtues. It is because that she does not know how to "persevere" that the work always seems as if commenced anew. Courage, then! The cultivation of the soil is very difficult, but each prayer offered to God is like a drop of dew. The marble is very hard, but each prayer is a cut of the chisel which shapes it by slow degrees.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood and yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is not one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. A kind voice is a lark's song to the hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

THOUGH caution and slow assent will guard you against frequent mistakes and retractions, yet you should get humility and courage enough to retract any mistake and confess an error. Frequent changes are tokens of levity in our first determinations. Yet you should never be too proud to change your opinion, nor frightened at the name of changeling. Learn to scorn those vulgar bugbears, which confirm foolish man in his own mistakes for fear of being charged with inconstancy.

WHAT matters it where your feet stand, or wherewith your hands are busy, so that it is in the spot where God has put you, and the work He has given you to do? Your real life is within—hidden in God with Christ, ripening and strengthening and waiting as through the long geologic period of night and incompleteness waited the germs of all that was to unfold into this actual, green and beauteous earth!

MANY a one who in the great crisis of life has acted the hero's part, has been shamefully overcome by some little sin, or some secret temptation. The sudden irritation and the stinging word carelessly spoken in the domestic circle, the chafing and trying episodes in the tedious routine of our daily work, these are the things that prove and weigh our manhood more than any other.

TAKING the first footstep with a good thought, the second with a good word, and the third with a good deed, I entered paradise.

WHAT is the price of truth? Not, certainly, the money we pay for a book to reveal it, be it ever so profound; or for a lecture to announce it, be it ever so scientific If we would find the truth and hold it, on any subject whatever, we must have learned to think, to discriminate, to weigh; we must have subdued partiality and prejudice; we must be ready to face opposition, but from our own preconceptions and those of other people; we must be willing to find it wherever it is, not where we desire it to be.

DO not hover always on the surface of things, nor take up suddenly with mere appearances; but penetrate into the depth of matters, as far as your time and circumstances allow, especially in those things which relate to your own profession. Do not indulge yourselves to judge of things by the first glimpse, or a short and superficial view of them; for this will fill the mind with errors and prejudices, and give it a wrong turn and ill habit of thinking, and make much work for retraction.

WATCH against the pride of your own reason and a vain conceit of your intellectual powers, with the neglect of divine aid and blessing. Presume not upon great attainments in knowledge by your own self sufficiency. Those who trust to their own understanding entirely are pronounced fools in the word of God; and it is the wisest of men who gives them this character.

PRAISE is that which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves, the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

KEEP on with your right thinking. Most of our thinking has resulted in only a tangled skein of silk. Begin to untangle, and out of the new thoughts you will weave a beautiful cloth of gold, to be cut and fitted into garments for your words and actions—garments for your bodies, for which the angelic raiment is a symbol.

PRUDENCE is a virtue most necessary for us if we wish to accommodate ourselves to the situation and dispositions of those with whom we have to deal. It teaches us the greatest circumspection in our words and actions, and the avoidance of everything that may do the least injury to others or wound charity or decency.

IF all will, as far as possible, shape their daily lives in accordance with their highest intuitions of the spirit of truth, all will advance into a mental realm of divine power and harmony. The good that is accomplished by each one daily is no proportion to the truly good we call into action in our secret thoughts.

HE that would raise his judgments above the vulgar rank of mankind and learn to pass a just sentence on persons and things must take heed of a fanciful temper of mind and a humorous conduct in his affairs Fancy and humor, early and constantly indulged, may expect an old age over-run with follies.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear,—one who has no memory of the past or thought of the future,—one who has no sympathy with humanity, and no feeling in common with the rest of his species.

WE should never show resentment against those who persecute us by injuries, calumnies, etc., but we should continue to treat them cordially as before, saying nothing but what is good of them, and doing them all the service in our power.

THE perfection of divine love does not consist in ecstacies; it consists in doing the will of God.

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

IN order to judge of another's feelings, remember your own.

ASK thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

The World's Happenings.

The City of Chicago in its present boundaries contains 179 square miles.

The "Edison Waltz" and the "Buffalo Bill Galop" are freely hawked on the streets of Paris.

"Fannie," a warhorse, 31 years old, died at Charlestown, W. Va., recently. Her owner was shot while upon her back during the war.

The jury in a breach of promise case at Champaign, Ill., awarded one cent damages, and "advised the plaintiff to beware of book agents."

An association in London called the Sunday Society occupies itself with arranging the opening of private collections to the public on the Sabbath.

Fifty persons have been killed in one Kentucky vendetta up to date, and there is still plenty of shooting around the "Old Kentucky Homes."

There are 200 000 people in the United States who have artificial legs or hands. This number does not include the veterans of the Union or the Confederate armies.

In the office of the Mayor of Burlington, N. J., a dog recently ate the city charter and several ordinances, and part of a copy of the Book on which witnesses were sworn.

The choir of a church on Long Island had to get along on a recent Sunday without the accompaniment of the organ, thieves having carried off the instrument during the previous night.

The women members of a household in Wrentham, Mass., nursed a pet mastiff, which had suddenly been taken sick, for half a day before discovering he had hydrophobia. They then had him shot.

Eliphalet Condor, of Georgia, has been married nine times. Five wives are dead, three are divorced, and the ninth bids fair to live so be a widow. Eliphalet has had 27 children, of whom 19 survive.

An intelligent canine that spends much of its time around a railroad crossing in Boston, takes a position near the safety gates when a train approaches, and refuses to allow persons to pass until all danger is over.

Carl Naber, of Nebraska, has six suits for bigamy pending against him. He denies having been married at all, but there are six marriage certificates in existence, which, if not forgeries, will send Carl to the penitentiary.

A young woman created a scene in the railroad ticket office at Zanesville, Ohio, the other day. She laid a six-shooter on the counter and proceeded to search for her pocketbook, then bought a ticket for Seattle, W., shoved the weapon in her pocket and departed.

Martin Ericson, of North Dakota, stumbled and fell while walking across a piece of land from which some underbrush had just been cut. In falling he opened his mouth and fell on a short grub 10 inches high. The point entered his brain and he died almost instantly.

An express train in Alabama, going at full speed, struck a woman and threw her 20 feet in the air, landing her outside the right-of-way. When picked up she was dead, but there was not a bruise anywhere on her body, but the soles of her shoes had been cut off as smooth as if done by a cobbler.

Mary Eatterton, of Cleveland, stuck a hat pin into her head accidentally while putting on her hat. A swelling was soon noticeable, and afterward a fungus growth came on the spot as large as her fist. This has to be cut away every two months, and it is feared fatal results will eventually follow.

It is reported from Texas that two cowboys got into a dispute over their relative merits as marksmen. A test was arranged. One named Dugan hit a Mexican dollar with a revolver at 200 yards. His opponent mounted his mustang, and, going at full speed, hit the dollar twice at the same distance.

It is not so long ago since a candidate for public office became insane through disappointment at not getting the place he sought, and now T. W. D. Phillips, who was removed a few days ago from the postmastership of Burrillville, R. I., after many years' service in it, has gone crazy on account of his removal.

Italians are not very strong in domestic ties. Of 42,000 Italians that landed in Castle Garden last year 34,000 were males. The emigration of females from Italy is smaller than from any other country, averaging but 19 per cent. of the whole number which landed. From Germany the percentage is 49; from Ireland, 45.

Statistics that have been collected as to the number of newspapers published throughout the world credit Europe with 30 000 journals. This aggregate is almost equaled by that of the United States, in which last year 19 319 papers were printed, including 1404 dailies, equaling the daily newspapers of England and Germany combined.

Lemons can be kept fresh for months by putting them into a clean tight jar or cask and covering them with cold water. Keep in a cool place out of reach of sunlight, and change the water often, not less than every third day; every second day is better. Lemons are excellent for winter use, or if one is bilious or inclined to rheumatism.

Kar-in Magramal, of Mississippi, had a fight with an alligator in a swamp. He killed him after a long struggle, but in trying to get it home he was caught in a quagmire. He sank to the waist, and would have gone further but he clasped his arms around the alligator's tail. Ten days later he was found dead, having made desperate efforts to bite through the 'gator's hide and get flesh enough to sustain life.

There lives, or there did a few years ago, remarks a writer in a Pittsburg paper, an old lady in this country who has a movable birthday. She had the good fortune to be born on Easter Sunday, and she insists on receiving presents and congratulations on that festival, no matter when it occurs. Lots of people have tried to reason with the old lady, calendar in hand, but she replies to them all: "I was born on Easter Sunday morn, 56 years ago, and until I die Easter Sunday will be my birthday."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

You flew into my empty heart
And nestled there;
You never stopped to ask my leave,
Or if I'd care.

I pondered oft if I should keep
So fair a thing;
Or should I send you forth to roam
On wearied wing?

But, while I pondered, you still stayed,
Till now I know
My heart and I should know no peace
If you should go.

Why He Did It.

BY H. V. BROWN.

SO dark the night was, so dense the fog which ever since the going down of the sun had been sweeping up across the moors from the sea, that it had taken this stalwart broad-shouldered young man nearly three hours to get over a stretch of country-side, covering not more than seven miles as the crow flies.

He had been walking incessantly all this time. He never knew the route he took; he did not live long enough to think the matter over.

A dog—a black retriever—was following at his heels; and he carried a gun; and a rather worn and tattered game-bag was slung across his splendid shoulders. He was a young man of twenty-seven, and he was accounted handsome.

He had fine eyes, a strong yet not too profuse beard, that was, like his eyes, as black as a raven's wing, and his limbs were unusually large and nobly shaped.

He was somewhat thin for his stature; but this was no doubt attributable to the fact of his being for so many hours every day on his feet, as every gamekeeper who knows his business and does it must be.

It was impossible to see his face on such a night as this, with a kind of darkness that one might feel, so to say, pressing down upon the fields, and plantations, and moors; and indeed he had not seen a single soul during his long walk, so unfrequented and lonely was the road he had taken.

If there had been a shimmer of light in the night air, and if some wayfarer, passing this strong-limbed young Englishman, had chanced to catch a glimpse of his face, that wayfarer—even supposing him to have been more than ordinarily stout-hearted—would surely not have proceeded onward and straightway forgotten what he had seen.

At any time and under any circumstances there was something remarkable about Adam Muir's dark, aggressive, half-barbaric face.

On this night, in this lonely spot, he would have been a strong-nerved and a lion-hearted man who could have looked upon it without being conscious of a mysterious dread taking possession of him. It was the face of a soul that was struggling with its mortality before it passed into pain. It was the face of a man who had resolved that he would never again look upon the light of the sun.

He had already, it might be said, drained the cup of the bitterness of death. If the earth had broken away beneath his feet as he staggered onward through these mist-saturated country lanes and fields, and a hand had been stretched forth to save him from going down, he would not have touched it.

He wanted to die. He was determined to die. His brain was resourceless; his imagination undeveloped; he saw no other way.

He knew what he had done. His shame enveloped him like the night. It seemed part of the night—part of this dead, cold, hideous darkness that seemed to be crushing down upon the world as though it would choke every living thing.

He felt that he could never get away from it. His soul shivered in its abject hopelessness. No, no, no! it could never be atoned for; there was no atonement possible to him which could obliterate this sin from his own life and from the lives of those whom he loved beyond utterance; and if he died——Ah, God!

He stood suddenly still in the darkness. The solace of an unselfish thought—purely unselfish because he did not for a moment think that it was unselfish at all—was mercifully given to him.

If he died, the shame of the shameful thing which he had done might never be told abroad; the woman he had wronged might in pity keep silent over his grave; so that—if this might be—if the woman would have this compassion upon him, and upon those who were dearer to him than his own life—it might come to pass that his mother and his brother would be spared the sorrow and the suffering which his dishonor would bring upon them. His mind clung to this thought to the last.

He never once told himself that he was meditating an act of self-sacrifice; he was incapable of self-analysis. He trudged onward with a lighter step. He felt almost happy.

"She may never tell—her husband may never tell—they may never know," he thought. And that idea never again quite left his mind.

He would there and then have sent a bullet crashing through his brain had not a second thought come to his gloomy distracted mind—the thought that this too, this act of self-destruction, would bring pain and ignominy upon his mother and brother. So he wandered on, wondering how he should so get out of the world as to make it appear as though his death were an accident.

He did not want anyone to be accused of murdering him. He wanted only for his death to seem as if it had occurred accidentally. Therefore he must not shoot himself.

Just here, while getting over a fence, he somehow tripped and fell. He went down heavily on to the ground in the darkness. He lay quite still for perhaps five minutes. There was a horrid pain in his ankle; blood was oozing from his leg from a wound in his thigh.

Never a moan escaped his lips. His retriever stood close up to him; her nose was right over his motionless face. It was in the autumn time; it had been a rainy autumn—and the ground was soaking wet.

When he felt the wet getting into his hip he got up and went on his way. He walked with difficulty now; the pain in his foot was acute. Yet he made no murmur.

"Come on, Kate," he said to his retriever, "let's get home."

He got home about an hour before midnight chimed from the village church belfry. He felt worn out. The pain in his foot had become much worse; he had begun also to suffer from the wound in his thigh; and the left leg of his trousers was soaked with blood.

He felt rather gloomy now. The elation of spirits which had come to him with the reflection of the possibility of the woman's silence had been merely momentary. Yet he had never wavered in his determination to put an end to his life. But he was not now so sure that the terrible thing which he had done would thus be forgiven and forgotten.

As he came within sight of the sweet little convolvulus-clad cottage that had been his home ever since he was born, a fierce black passion of anger surged up within him.

He saw that woman's face again in the darkness. It rose between him and his home. It rose between him and his own life. It rose between him and all that he held dearest on earth.

The fury that possessed him was the fury which not even murder can satiate. He clenched his great hard fist and struck it suddenly out into the still, fog-laden night air, as though to beat down that beautiful alluring face under his feet.

"You——!" he said under his breath. "It was the old story; the woman tempted me."

He came presently to the gate of the garden of his home; and standing there he rested his hands upon the woodwork and gazed across through the darkness at the faint light which he knew shone from the window of his mother's bedroom.

His heart swelled for a moment; but he set his teeth and dug his finger-nails into the soddened, rotten gate; for side by side with the pure and gentle image of his mother he could still see that other lovely face which had lured him to his doom. Even his crude imagination enabled him to live the scene over again.

She was as far above him in social station as his student brother was in intellect. She was a lady of title and his employer's wife. She had been "nobody," people had said, before her marriage with Lord Helby, who seemed to be three times her age.

She had often looked with kind eyes upon her husband's handsome young gamekeeper. She had once asked him if he would like to be her groom, but he answered with respect and truth that he was not used to horses and did not care for them.

"Oh, they are easily managed," she had said; and she had offered to get some one to give him lessons in horsemanship.

Again he had thanked her, diffidently, courteously, thinking no evil. After that he often used to meet her during her walks in the woods around the castle; and she had always, even when Lord Helby had been with her, spoken to him with exceeding graciousness.

When he happened to meet her alone she would walk about with him for as long as an hour at a time through her lord's fields and plantations.

"You are not married, Muir, I think?" she had once said; and he had replied that he had no wife, and did not mean to try to get one so long as his mother lived, and he hoped that she would live for very many years yet.

"I hope so too, Muir," she had said; and to these words she had, after a moment's hesitation, added these other strange words: "I think marriage is a mistake; one seems to want so many things which it cannot give. I am sure mine has been a mistake. Women should marry men just a little older than themselves—say, three or four years."

Then she had paused again; then she had asked in a low, sweet voice:

"How old are you, Muir?"

The question had made his heart throb and his nostrils dilate.

"Twenty-seven," he had answered, and she had given a merry girlish laugh and thrown out her hands with a pretty gesture as she said:

"Twenty-seven! How odd! I am twenty-four. Lord Helby is sixty-three."

And her lovely face, with its full red lips and dark flashing eyes, had, after that, haunted him day and night. It would haunt him, he believed, even in the unknown world to which he was going.

His great temptation had come to him this day at sunset. He had met her in a wood some distance from the castle. She was alone.

"Lord Helby is at the vicarage," she had said. "I promised to go down and return with him. He will wait till I am ready."

She had no right to speak to a servant in that way. She was strangely excited; yet neither had much to say. They walked on together under the trees.

The sea fog had not yet made its appearance; but the night was deepening around them. Adam Muir had asked whether the carriage was at the vicarage, or if Lord and Lady Helby thought of walking back to the castle.

"The carriage is not there," she replied. "Oh, I may not go for him after all; it will not matter."

Soon she had complained of feeling tired, and had stood still and leaned her shoulder against the trunk of a tree, and remained leaning there, saying nothing, merely looking at him with her wonderful bewitching eyes; and as he stood gazing at her, breathless, spell-bound, her mystic sensual beauty broke down the last thin barrier which protected his honor and his manhood, and he yielded himself up to the lawless passion which made him tremble like a coward in her presence.

It was when he touched her that she smiled—a slow sensuous smile, which revealed the dimples in her cheeks and gave to her face in his eyes an unearthly radiance.

But even as he touched her she shrank from him and grew pale, and her face became terror stricken. He did not know then, though he knew only too well afterwards, the cause of her shrinking; so, thinking that she was coy with him, and having quite forgotten his manliness and his sense of self-respect, he had clung to her, and had even dared to whisper words which could never be recalled.

With an effort she had freed herself from him (for she had seen her husband's scared white face, framed in white hair, looking at them from out the brushwood that grew around); but he had caught hold of her again, and then she had called out "Help! help!"—and the old lord had rushed upon them and with all the feeble strength that was left to him had struck his dishonored gamekeeper across the face with his walking-stick.

"You scoundrel!" were the words that had come from the old man's quivering lips; and then he had said to Adam Muir:

"Go to the castle! I am too feeble to inflict personal chastisement upon you; but you shall be punished for this outrage. I command you to go to the castle! The law shall deal with you."

Then the earl had turned to his apparently stupefied wife.

"Lady Helby," he had said with touching dignity of manner (though there was a tremor in his voice), "the carriage is in the lane on this side of the wood. I desire that you will go to it. I will proceed to the castle on foot."

Then to Adam Muir:

"I command this scoundrel to walk before me!"

But Adam Muir did not walk either before or after the outraged old lord. Without a word he had strode away into the heart of the wood.

He knew not, cared not, whither he went. He was like a man who had lost his reason; that indeed was what had happened to him. His brain, all that was best and highest in his nature, had temporarily broken down as he had looked in that woman's eyes in the mystic fading moonlight.

He had got back to his right mind now as he stood watching the light that shone from his mother's window. It seemed to him as though during the hours since sunset he had been passing rapidly from a life of honor to a death of shame.

He entered the garden and walked silently up to his mother's bedroom window. He trod stealthily, because he fancied from the light burning in her room that his mother was awake. He wanted to see her again; he did not wish her to see him.

She would be sure to ask him where he had been that he should come home so late, which was not at all his way except on such nights as he went out to keep an eye on the movements of poachers; and he could not lie to his mother. He remembered that he was almost blameless in her eyes. She was quite blameless in his.

As he thought, prowling out here in the night, with, perhaps, the officers of justice close at hand to arrest him, of what his mother had been to him, and tried to realise—and did realise to some extent—what he had been and was to her, the bitterness intensified in his heart. And yet, even while the bitterness lasted, a moisture came into his eyes.

The blind was so drawn that he could not see into his mother's room. He got close to the window; but it was no use. He could see a portion of one of the massive "turned" pillars of her bedstead; but that was all.

When he had gone back from the window he stooped down and took hold of one of his retriever's ears. The dog looked up in his face, wagging her tail. She was devotedly attached to him, as indeed were all his dogs.

"To-morrow is your birthday, Kate," he said, speaking to the animal as if he believed she could understand him, "and I wish you many happy returns of the day. Be a good dog, and mother will be good to you."

Then he patted her gently on her head and shoulders.

"I'd like to shoot you, Kate," he said with a kind of manly sorrow. "Perhaps it would be as well if I did. Mother will not be able to keep you; the license will soon be due; then you will have to go, and you may get into bad hands, doggie."

He meditated, still patting the retriever affectionately. He did not speak to her again, but went to the back of the cottage and entered the kitchen as quietly as possible.

He put his gun in a corner and threw down his game-bag beside it. There was only a sparrowhawk in the bag; he had spent a lot of time that morning bringing it down, because his younger brother had expressed a wish for a hawk's wings. After standing a few minutes before the fire, he took up the bag again and took the hawk from it.

He wanted to see his brother; he would rather see him asleep; and if he held this bird in his hand, and should chance to wake him, that would do as an excuse for his going into the room.

Adam and Alec Muir were sincerely attached to each other. Adam looked upon his younger brother as a great scholar; and in truth he was clever, having been appointed second master in the village schools at a very early age.

He was not twenty yet; he too was a fine handsome fellow. Adam thought that his brother would have a glorious future; and he felt sure that Alec would not let their mother want.

Before going to Alec's room he took off his boots in the kitchen and lit a candle. He was leaving the kitchen when he became aware that Kate was at his heels, and by a sign he sent her back to the hearthrug, where she lay watching the door till he returned.

He did not keep her waiting long. When he got to his brother's room—there were only five rooms in all in the cottage—he stood outside, with his ear close to the door

and listened. The silence was absolute. He opened the door noiselessly and went in.

His brother was in bed asleep. As Adam Muir was crossing the floor to the bed he happened to catch sight of his own face in the looking glass on the dressing-table by one of the windows.

Adam Muir was incapable of physical fear, and it was a moral, a spiritual terror that held him there transfixed, gazing in a kind of horror at the white, ghastly face, with its great crazy-looking eyes and black tangled hair and beard, that gazed back at him from the glass.

It looked like the face of a man past middle age. He went close to the glass and looked steadily at himself. Then he shook his head slowly, and something like a smile came to his face. It was a smile that would have greatly shocked and alarmed his brother, had he seen it.

And Alec awoke just then, and quickly sat up in bed.

"Who is there?" he cried, rather excitedly; for the instant Adam had become aware that his brother was awake he had blown out the candle, leaving the room in utter darkness.

"Who is there?" Alec called out again, louder than ever.

"Don't speak so loud, Alec," Adam said. "You will wake mother."

"Oh, it's you, Adam! But why on earth did you put out the light?"

There came no answer.

"What are you doing there, Adam?" the younger brother asked. "I say, light the candle, please! Why do you stand there in the darkness?—Adam!—What do you want, Adam?"

Then Adam Muir went up to his brother's bed and sat down on the edge of it.

"Be quiet, Alec," he said kindly yet firmly. "What are you making such a row about? I am going to bed. I came in to see if you had fallen asleep. I have shot you a hawk. It is a sparrow; I may get you a kestrel soon."

"Oh, thanks," Alec said. "But I can't see it in the darkness. What possessed you to put out the candle? Please light it."

"I am going to bed," Adam said again. "I will put the hawk in the kitchen. I took care not to break its wings. I shot him in the head."

He rose from his brother's bed. But before he got away Alec had stretched out his hand and caught him by the sleeve of his coat.

Then, still holding him, the younger brother got right out of bed, and the two stood together in the darkness. It was so dark that they could not even faintly discern the outline of each other's face.

"Adam, something's gone wrong," Alec said. "What is it, Adam?"

There was no answer. Alec waited for some seconds. Then he put up his hands and felt his brother's face and head.

"Adam," he said with a startled cry—"is it you?"

"Yes, yes, dear lad," was the answer, "of course it's me!"

"Then why do you behave in such an extraordinary way? The moment I awoke you put out the candle. You will not light it again. What is the meaning of all this?"

"I tell you I'm going to bed. You know I often go to bed without a light."

"Yes, but you had the candle lit."

"Oh, don't worry me, Alec! don't worry me!"

It was a cry of despair; its peculiar terror frightened the younger man.

"Adam, what have you been doing?"

But never a word did Adam Muir answer.

"I'm going to light that candle," Alec said. "Give it to me, please."

He spoke loudly and with excitement.

"I tell you you must not speak so loud," Adam said with some sternness. "You know how hard it is for mother to get to sleep again after being awakened."

"Where is the candle?" Alec asked.

"It is in my hand."

His voice was less stern.

"How perverse you are, Alec! Now get into bed and I'll light it."

"You will light it?"

"Yes, yes."

He struck a match and lit the candle. He put it on the chair by the bed upon which he had previously laid the dead hawk.

"Now I'm going to bed," he said, turning his face from his brother. "I'm very tired. I've had a hard day and the land is heavy. Good-night, Alec."

Alec seemed to be in doubt as to what to do. His brother's clothes were covered with mud, and he looked tired and footsore; but he had often before seen him thus. There was nothing in his appearance to cause alarm. Certainly the light was bad and he only saw him indistinctly. But he seemed all right.

"Good-night, Adam," he said.

As Alec Muir lay in bed examining the dead hawk by the candle-light, he heard some one either open or shut his mother's bedroom door.

"There's something wrong with Adam," he thought as he blew out the candle and drew the bed-clothes round his shoulders.

It was Adam Muir who had opened the door of his mother's room. He opened it cautiously, for he knew that there was a light in the room, and if his mother were awake she would instantly see him. But she was asleep.

He crept on tiptoe (although he was barefoot) up to her bed. Here was the last mortal face he gazed upon. That was well; that was merciful; for it had been to him the sweetest and purest face in all the world.

How beautiful she looked in her calm, pure old age! There was a great yearning in his heart to bend down and kiss her, to put his arms round her neck and weep on her breast as he bade her farewell. But he crushed this longing within him.

He thought of that fair woman in the wood; he thought of the shameful blow and the shameful words which had been said to him; he tried to realize his mother's and his brother's anguish when they should see him in the dock on a charge of a loathsome crime; and his dire resolve to do away with himself strengthened even as he looked down upon his mother's sweet face with that haunted, demented expression in his eyes.

God help him! He was going away from her for ever; yet he dare not kiss her. He dare not say one word of farewell; he dare not leave her a written message asking for forgiveness.

The blood had been oozing from the wound in his thigh for hours. He felt that to drain the last drop from his body would be the smallest—the most cheerful—sacrifice he could make to be able to put his lips once more to hers. It was crowning agony that this was denied to him.

She was grown weak with age; and tears had fallen on to her withered cheeks as she slept. Upon her brow lay a few thin white hairs; and stooping low Adam raised these in his hand and kissed them with a strange gentleness and reverence.

His mother did not wake; and he left her room without her knowing until Alec told her next day that he had entered it on the last night of his life.

Adam Muir's black retriever followed him out again into the fog-drenched woods and fields. He had left no word behind that would give the slightest clue to his terrible purpose.

On the contrary he designedly deceived his mother and brother by writing in pencil on a slip of paper these words:

"I have gone to try to get a shot at those herons that have come to Bonnard Lake. Please do not keep breakfast for me. I may not get home again until late in the afternoon."

He left this message on the kitchen table; he fastened the paper to the table with a fork, so that there should be no mistake about its being seen.

He had also gone to his bedroom, had laid down on his bed for a few minutes, then had disarranged the bedclothes and flung them back over the bottom of the bedstead, as he usually did when rising.

Moreover it was nothing unusual for Adam Muir to leave home before the sun had risen. He took his gun, his game-bag, and his retriever with him.

The fog swept back to the sea at sunrise, and the day broke radiantly. Adam Muir did not return to breakfast; the dinner hour passed in the cottage in the garden and the trees, and still he did not appear.

In the afternoon some workmen, rowing the river in a boat, saw the fully-clothed body of a man drifting near the bottom of a shallow part of the Bonnard Lake. The workmen anchored their boat and raised the body. It was that of Adam Muir.

It was clear that he had been in the water for hours. As the men were rowing the corpse down to the tavern at the locn they picked up the body of the dead man's retriever.

There was no sign of any weight having been tied round the dog's neck, nor were her limbs broken or in any way injured, and, as she was known to be an excellent water-dog, it is a mystery to this day how she got drowned.

But everyone seemed satisfied that Adam Muir met his death purely by accident. The spot is even pointed out where he had slipped and fallen into the lake while trying to get into a good position for an effective right and left at the herons which he had left home in the early morning to shoot. He was known to have been no swimmer; and just there the current from the river ran strong.

Good and Bad Luck.

BY T. CHAMBERS.

NOTHING is commoner than to hear people talk of good luck and bad; lucky people and unlucky; lucky days and unlucky, with special reference to Friday, which seems to have got a terribly bad name indeed.

Ninety-nine sailors out of a hundred count it unlucky to set sail on that day; and some, even captains who have weathered many a storm, refuse to do so.

I was talking the other day to an old "salt" at Brighton about this very question, and I did my best to get out of him what his views were, and what reason there could be for so strong and widespread a belief, or, as some call it, superstition.

"You," said I, "have been afloat pretty often: to my knowledge——"

"Forty years, next March, in all weathers," interrupted the captain.

"Well, then, what's your own real opinion about Friday?"

"I can't say I like it at all myself," he answered. "I never knowed things turn out right that were launched on a Friday; though I've had to face them in my time; for it isn't every skipper or owner that will listen when the men growl about going to sea on the day after Thursday. 'It's all a confounded pack o' nonsense,' they say. All the same, it holds good among sailors, and will hold, too. Ask any o' 'em alongshore here what they think. They will tell you that the worst gale last November began on a Friday, when the lifeboat was all but capsized; that the end of the new pier was washed away on a Friday; that Friday's catch of fish is always about the worst of the lot; and if the nets break away of a night with mackerel, it's sure to be coming home on a Friday."

"Well," said I, "as for mere luck at sea, do you know that a year or two ago one of our great shipbuilders determined to show that you sailors were all in the wrong about this terrible day? He built a brig and named her Friday, laid down her lines on a Friday, finished her that day seven weeks, launched her a week later; her captain's name was "Friday," with thirteen hands aboard; the worst of all unlucky numbers; and on a Friday she set sail on her first trip! That's a pretty good proof of what Friday's luck is! Did you ever hear of that brig?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I have heard of that yarn before; but you've left out one thing. Did you ever hear what became of that there brig?"

"No," said I; "I don't know that; but of course——"

"No, no, sir; you don't know, and nobody else don't know. They said she would come home on a Friday; but she didn't come; and Ike Horner, the old coastguard at Hove—as I heard tell the story—he swears she was never heard of again, captain or crew. And as for thirteen hands aboard, why, that one lubber over the baker's dozen would have been a regular Jonah; and a Jonah's time he would have had of it, too, till the fishes got hold of him. No offence, sir, I hope, at my speaking out so strong; but there's no mistake about Friday. Good-night, sir."

Yet, in spite of my old sailor's belief, some great and notable and good things have taken place on a Friday, which would have amazed him not a little if I had then and there had the chance of telling him. For example:

On Friday, August 3, 1492 Christopher Columbus set sail on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12 1492 he first discovered land. On Friday, January 4 1493 he sailed on his return voyage for Spain; and on Friday, March 15 1493, he arrived in safety at Palos. Many other historic events of significance and of good luck have occurred on Friday.

Yet Friday is regarded by many as a day of ill-luck; but for making it specially unlucky you must upset the salt. "The falling of salt," says an eminent scholar, "is an authentic presagement of ill-fortune, nor can every temper contemn it. Yet is it only an omen."

Nor is the origin of this belief far to seek. From the earliest times, salt, itself incorruptible, has always been regarded as more or less sacred; hence sprang its having a place in all rites of sacrifice and oblation.

Thus it became a symbol of friendship, and, before any other service, was offered to the guest, in token of good-will on the part of the host. If, during this offering, it was accidentally upset, and, still worse, if intentionally on either side, evil in some shape was deemed a certain issue.

To turn now to such minor matters as mere luck in every-day life is to make a mighty step down to trifles. If a coin be spun into the air, it is obvious that the chances whether it come down head or tail uppermost must be equal.

Yet, in spite of this, one special woman in a village shall be said to have great luck in the making of butter, or one particular gardener to be most lucky in the grafting of roses or melons; that is to say, that Lucky Betty or Lucky Tom succeeds where scores of others would fail.

Whereas, the truth is that success in either case is simply owing to greater skill or greater care in handling the churn or the pruning knife, which the other bumpkins fail to exert. If not so, all comes back to the doctrine of chances; and any one given Hodge or Dolly may be as lucky as Tom or Betty.

"Oh!" say some village wiseacres, "but fortune favors fools!"

Yes; now and then it would seem so; perhaps because a fool trusts all to fortune, and sometimes succeeds where wiser men fail—mainly through ignorance of danger or obstacle—and so goes to work coolly in hazardous things; just as a blind man, having once learned the road, will walk calmly along the very edge of a cliff, where the owner of a pair of sharp eyes would be apt to grow dizzy and stumble.

If a fool who leaves his doors unlocked escapes robbery, he is often called fortunate or lucky; whereas the prudent man who prevents the burglar's visit by wise precautions, enjoys no such credit, but has to be content with being more frequently lucky than the fool, because he puts himself more in the way of good fortune.

Now and then, one meets with some poor forlorn wretch with whom everything seems to go wrong, and who, always in trouble, soon gets the name of "Unlucky" Bill.

But, of far more curious and true interest than any matters of mere luck and chance, good fortune, and bad, are what, for want of a better name, we call coincidences, into which there would seem to enter a new factor, not so easily defined. By way of illustration, I give a few instances which have fallen under my own personal observation. Thus:

I meet with a stray word, say "Toboggan," just now in common use among us, and, as a matter of curiosity, wish to know its derivation.

I consult every dictionary I can lay hands on, but in not one of them does the word appear. I ask right and left among the gay young people who are just now gone mad about the delights of Tobogganing, but not a soul can help me.

I question two charming girl graduates fresh from the Honor list at Cambridge, one of them specially great in etymology, whom I beg to visit the British Museum in search of that odd Canadian word.

I might as well have asked the man in the moon; and I gave up "Toboggan" as a hopeless mystery; and in a month's time had forgotten the whole affair.

But one day I walked into the Free Library at the neighboring county town, and took up a number of a local magazine, opened it at random, and as the motto to an article on "Acme Skates," I see these words:

"Toboggan, from odabagan; an Indian word for sled."

Again, I have a brother whom I very seldom see, and who seldom leaves his headquarters, some three hundred miles away. I walk four miles through the woods to a small roadside station on my way to Waterloo.

The train is at the platform, but waits for the arrival of an excursion train from Bristol. In five minutes it comes rattling down the branch line; out pour a crowd of passengers to change carriages for London; and the first person I see hurrying along is an old friend whom I believed to be at Cannes. We journeyed up together to Waterloo, and almost the first thing she said to me was:

"How is your brother Jack? Do you ever see him?"

"Never," I replied. "He may be dead and buried, for all I know. I rarely go to London, and he still more rarely visits the great city; so that there is no chance of catching him during one of his flying visits."

"I am sorry for that," said Miranda. "It's two years since I last saw him at your house, when you lived in town."

When we got to Waterloo, there was some debate as to whether we should travel any farther together; but the end of it was that, as Miranda was bound for Regent Street, and I for Holborn, we would walk to Charing Cross by the iron suspension bridge.

As we went down the steps at the other end of the bridge, a man with a carpet bag came rushing up to meet us, two steps at a time, and that man was my brother Jack; amazed, and glad to see us, and we to see him. Five minutes later, we should have missed him.

"It's like a regular 'House that Jack built,'" said I. "If I hadn't walked to that special train at Woodend, I should not have met Miranda. Not meeting her, I should have taken a 'bus at Waterloo, and never gone over the bridge."

"If it had rained," said she, "we should not have agreed to walk together."

"And if," added Jack, "I had not lost my way in coming from Euston, I should have been at my lawyer's long before this. And that reminds me, old fellow, it's exactly two years since I saw you. I came up on November 15, 1864, and slept at your house; and now we meet again on the fifteenth in this odd fashion."

So, after a good talk, for I had completely forgotten the date of our last meeting, we parted.

Some ten or twelve years ago, I was in the habit of writing occasional articles for an old-fashioned newspaper called the "Daily Tearer."

While on my way to the office one fine summer morning, I chanced to pass the well-known book stall of my old acquaintance, Larkins, and strolled into the shop for a chat. Mr. Larkins was busy revising a catalogue; and on a table in front of him, half covered with books, lay a newspaper.

"Good morning, sir," said the bookseller; "I'll be with you in two minutes."

"No hurry," replied I. "You take in the 'Tearer,' I see; I will have a look at it."

Before I had read half a column, he joined me.

"If," said he, "you had come in three minutes earlier, you would have seen the man who wrote that curious article about rats."

"Which curious article?" I inquired.

"Why, that very one now in your hand."

"That is very odd," said I. "Who is the man, and how do you know that he wrote the article on rats?"

"Well, sir," replied Larkins, "the gentleman is a stranger to me. But he came into the shop, bought a French grammar, and was just going out again, when he saw the 'Tearer' lying open there.

"An," says he, "do you take in that old goss'p of a paper?"

"Yes; and a very good old paper it is too."

"Did you notice that little article on 'Rats?'"

"I have just read it," I replied; "and a very good article it is."

"Well," says the stranger, "I am much obliged to you for the compliment; I don't often get praised; but, as the author of 'Rats,' I am bound to offer you my best thanks, and wish you a very good-morning."

"And with that, away he went. I never set eyes on him before, and I don't suppose that I ever shall do so again."

"If you should ever chance to do so, Mr. Larkins, tell him, with my compliments, that he went away with a lie in his mouth. He had no more to do with the 'Rat' article than Adam. I corrected the proof of it only two days ago, and the manuscript is

now on my study table."

After that, we had a long chat about coincidences in general, though the one which had just occurred was singularly strange.

"I don't know much about their being common," said Mr. Larkins; "but I can tell you of a far more curious instance. One day, a stranger came in and asked for a copy of Blair's Sermons, a well-known book, but quite out of fashion now. He looked at the only copy I had, bought it, and paid for it; and was about to go, when he suddenly stopped and said:

"'If you have no objection, I will leave the book with you until I happen to be in town again.'

"'By all means,' said I; 'as long as you please.'

"Well, I kept that old book stowed away; but months passed, and I saw nothing of him. Then, as you know, it so fell out that I gave up my old premises at No. 190, and took these, and then three months more passed. But not a sign of my friend the purchaser of the book, whom, indeed, I had almost forgotten. At last, one evening, in came an old lady and asked for a copy of Blair's Sermons.

"'I have only one copy,' said I, 'and I fear that I cannot part with that one, for it was bought and paid for six months ago, though the owner has never called for it.'

"But the old lady was very urgent with me; and so at last I gave way. The price was twenty five cents. My new customer handed me a two dollar bill to pay for it, and I turned round to get change, when some one else suddenly turned, and I heard a sharp voice say:

"'A pretty dance you have led me, Mr. Larkins. Here have I been hunting up and down the street in search of my old friend Blair. I could have sworn that I bought it at No. 190. I hope that the book is all safe.'

"'You are quite right about 190; and there is your copy of Blair tied up in paper as you left it six months ago. This lady had just persuaded me to let her have it and I was just turning to give her change, when in you walked and claimed your property.'

"'And I mean to have it too,' said the old man in rather a peppery tone.

'Of course, he did have it; and the lady had to wait for another copy."

"Well, Mr. Larkins," said I, "that is even more curious than the adventure of the paper on rats. Did you ever see either of your customers again?"

"Never, to this day. But I haven't done with Sermons yet. A country schoolmaster somewhere down in Devonshire, wrote to me for a volume of "Sermons to Boys." I told him that it was out of print, but that a second-hand copy might no doubt be had. To this he agreed; and, of a friend lower down Booksellers' Row, I got him a copy, uncut, with his own handwriting on the fly-leaf given by the very same schoolmaster to a former pupil, who had carried it off to London, and showed how highly he valued sermons by selling his prize at a bookstall."

One more example and I have done. Miss M—— of Bristol was a great writer of letters. One morning she entrusted a certain special letter to her brother G——, just starting for the city.

He, en route, meeting an elder brother G——, and wishing to get rid of the letter, entrusted it to him. G——, who possessed a memory as treacherous as a sieve, put it into an inner pocket of his overcoat for special safety, and straightway utterly forgot its very existence. The writer of the letter, supposing it to have been posted, also forgot the whole affair.

But many long months afterward, while repairing her brother's overcoat, she suddenly came upon that inner pocket, dived into it, and there found her own letter duly addressed and stamped. The discovery occured on Christmas Day 1888; and when opened, the letter was found to be dated Christmas 1887.

There it had lain for a twelvemonth to the very day—though no doubt the coat had been used hundreds of times by its eccentric owner, without a thought of his past negligence.

Of course, it may be said of all such occurrences as this latter example of coincidence, that they are but trifles and scarcely worth our notice; nothing turns upon them, nothing ever happens in consequence of their having come to pass.

But for all that, it may be said, in reply, that for the most part life is made up of trifles, big and little, and that on some of these trifles events of singular interest and importance often chance to turn.

Many a grievous misfortune, or splendid good fortune, has depended on the loss or delivery, or discovery of a letter. Many a sudden and unexpected meeting of long-parted friends has caused joy or sorrow to a whole lifetime.

Many a strange chapter of adventure has issued from the sojourn of an odd volume of sermons at a bookstall. Anyway, the whole subject seems to be one not to be flung aside as unworthy of consideration.

Whether any other factor besides that of chance enters into the birth of coincidences, and if so, what that factor may be, is a question which must be left to our reader's own consideration.

Want of space forbids me to pursue it; and I must be content if I set them thinking on some of the coincidences which have occurred in their own personal experiences.

My friend Lawrence Harvey, to whom I once told one or two of the above coincidences, calmly shook his head, and then said:

"Well, I will add one case to your list, as curious as any you have mentioned. Last March I had a set of plans to finish for the office. I counted them up, and made just thirty-one of them. Now, it so happens that my birthday was on the 31st, and on that day, as I thought, I finished the last of them. While smoking my final pipe (not the thirty-first) that evening after my work was done, I said to myself: 'How oddly things do happen! there am I, thirty-one years old to-day, with thirty-one plans on the 31st day of the month.' Then I looked in my day-book to see when I began them, and hoping that it was January 31. But it wasn't; very nearly, though—February the first. Before tying the plans up, I counted them over again; this time there were only thirty; not one more could I make of them. Another glance at my day book told me, too, that yesterday was my birthday! and that to-day was April the first, when wise men are sometimes made April fools. That," said Harvey spitefully, "was very near being a remarkable coincidence."

COPIES FROM NATURE.—Most of the skilful devices invented by men for doing fine work rapidly can be traced to Nature, where for countless centuries, they have been operating.

The discoverer of each new appliance of mechanism might be shown that his idea was as old as the hills. It is suggested that the inventors of the future will be those who have carefully studied the natural world.

The burr stones of the mills are another style of the molar teeth, which grind all the grist that feed men and beast. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors.

The squirrel carries chisels in his mouth, and the hippopotamus is provided with adzes, which are constantly sharpened as they are worn.

The carpenter's plane is found in the jaws of the bee. The iron mast of the modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by similar ribs.

When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle that is very commonly seen in nature.

A wheat straw, if solid, could not support its head of grain. The bones of the higher animals are porous; those of birds, where lightness and strength are most beautifully combined, are hollow.

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Aeronauts try to copy the structure and movements of birds. Palissy, the French potter, studied seashells to learn the best method of fortifying a town.

The shipworm is an admirable tunneller, boring his way through any submerged timber, and lining the round passage with a hard casing. The engineer, Brunel took a hint from this animal, and was the first to succeed in tunnelling under water.

AWKWARD TO HAVE AROUND.—The private secretary of a certain Governor had a curious and somewhat startling experience with the graphophone lately. He began to turn the crank, and supposed that he was about to cause the machine to give out to the young lady type writer a message which the Governor had talked into it the evening previous.

The young lady was all attention, and the private secretary began solemnly to turn the crank, which works by a treadle. To his horror and the intense embarrassment of the young lady, the following amorous jumble was given out with decided emphasis:

"Now, don't, George. There; somebody will come. Of course I love you. There; somebody really is coming, and you have mussed my hair all up. Please, love, I'm so afraid that someone will come in, and besides, I can't work this crank if you insist upon kissing me all the time."

At intervals there were sounds too familiar to be mistaken. They were the smacking of lips and other sounds which accompany the interchange of caresses between lovers.

It was some little while before the matter could be satisfactorily explained, either by the young lady or by the secretary, who at first were disposed to imagine that somebody had been playing a practical joke upon them.

The matter was finally straightened out, however, when the executive clerk came around, and, upon hearing of the incident, laughed heartily.

He had the evening before been showing a bride and groom about the executive department, and, being called away for a few minutes, had left them in the private secretary's room to amuse themselves with the graphophone, while he attended to the business which had called him away.

HOW TO KEEP EVEN.—A Detroit lady who has been "in society" for many years has hit upon a happy idea for keeping up with her social obligations without undue effort. "I find my visiting list growing quite beyond my strength," she said, "and so I do not pretend to make formal calls; but every time there is a bereavement or a marriage in a family I take pains to make a call, and I find that it is remembered and set down to my credit. In this way I keep even with the world."

GOSSIP.—It is said that there never was a worthy man or woman who was given to the habit of gossiping, or of listening to gossip. It is one of the old sayings, tested by hundreds of years of experience, that the tale bearer and the tale bearer should both be hung up back to back, one by the tongue and the other by the ear.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Elmer Wilson, of Mobile, ate a hearty dinner on Sunday and afterwards picked his teeth with a wooden toothpick. A piece of wood got lodged between his teeth causing him some annoyance. Failing to get it out he used a pin, which caused the gum to bleed freely but did not dislodge the sliver. At last he took a penknife, and by an awkward movement plunged the blade in between the teeth and broke it off. Lockjaw set in and he died in a few hours.

The nose is said to be gradually losing its power to discharge its traditional function in the case of the civilized peoples; and when the sense of smell vanishes altogether, as will infallibly be the case one day, the organ itself is bound to follow its example sooner or later. It is, no doubt, a fact that the olfactory sense is much keener in the savage than in the civilized man, and it is reasonable to conclude that the more we progress in civilization the duller the sense will grow, and as Nature never conserves useless organs, when the nose loses its power of smelling, the nose "must go."

If the Thirteen Club, which made so merry at a recent banquet in London, wishes really to strike a blow at popular superstitution, a London paper advises that it go recruiting for lady converts, and set them travelling in the thirteenth compartment of the ladies' Pullman sleeping car of the Friday's Orient express running between Paris and Vienna. The company rarely succeeds in finding a tenant for this particular bed. The carriages are always engaged beforehand, but the numbered tickets are only distributed at the last moment. In spite of this precaution, however, No. 13 of the ladies' tickets on that day of the week is almost invariably returned, and the train, although otherwise crowded, has to travel with one berth empty. "Ladies have got so far that they will dare No. 13 alone or Friday alone, but the two together they cannot swallow."

In a garden of Berlin a canary bird was found bearing on its neck a small note, addressed: "To the good Lord." The finder broke the seal, and found a sincere message, in accordance with the direction. It was written by a lady, an inmate of a private lunatic asylum. The unfortunate one, pleading for relief from her sad situation, asked a speedy death. She complained that the malice and self-will of a rude female attendant was the cause of her suffering. All explanations to her relatives were vain, because this attendant attributed her complainings to a diseased mind and punished her for attempting to make known her situation. The benevolent individual who found the note determined to investigate the matter. The lady's name was subscribed in full, so that her friends were easily found. She was removed to another institution. In a few months the best wishes of her friends were gratified. She was fully restored.

It is terrible to learn that eau-de Cologne alcoholism is now a recognized disease in Germany and France—chiefly among women, and women, of course, of the higher classes. A woman who ultimately becomes a slave to the habit usually begins by taking a few drops of the spirit when she happens "to feel a little faint." She increases the dose whenever she returns to it, and in time takes the stuff by the wine glass. It is especially consumed by morphia and cocaine victims, for they find that eau-de-Cologne is to some extent a substitute for the drug which they know too well is slowly killing them. The remedy, however, is as bad as the evil. Eau-de Cologne alcoholism is one of the worst forms of the disease. It involves sleeplessness and delirium tremens of a less easily curable character than the sleeplessness and delirium tremens that are brought about by over indulgence in brandy or any ordinary spirits; for not only is it made of impure and immature alcohol, but also it contains essential oils, which even in small quantities are poisonous.

Judge Cowing, of New York, tempered justice with mercy the other day in a way that the public will heartily approve. It was in the case of a wretched woman who admitted stealing some articles of clothing and pawning them under truly pitiable circumstances, her husband having got out of work and having pawned first his clothes and then his tools, and she herself having pawned most of her clothing. When her husband learned of her crime he tried hard to earn money enough to redeem the stolen articles. The woman appeared in court with an infant four weeks old. She pleaded guilty to petit larceny and the husband to receiving stolen goods. As Judge Cowing was convinced that the theft was committed under compulsion of hunger, he sentenced them to one day's imprisonment in the Tombs. A more pitiful story is not often heard in our criminal courts. Our charitable institutions say that it is impossible for any one to starve in New York. This case shows that people may come very close to it, however. And then the practical question arises: What became of these people after their one day's imprisonment? What has been done to help them tide over present difficulties and find the husband work?

The maintaining of one vice costeth more than ten virtues.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Influenza, Difficult Breathing

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"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

Jan 14, '88 AUGUSTA, GA.

DR RADWAY I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. My brother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

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THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ALL ITS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria but if people exposed to it in cold and fever districts will every morning on getting up and retiring take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a wine glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty Cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Liver Remedy.

Purely vegetable, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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Dear Sir—I would not be without your Pills and your Ready Relief. They save me many a doctor's bill. MRS. M. GARVOOD.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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DR RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists. DR RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

THE FAY'S QUEST.

BY L. B. MILL.

"COULD you tell me what lies beyond the whispering fir-trees?" asked the fay. "They are always whispering, and the winds blowing secrets through their boughs. See, they stand scattered near the clearing's edge, and the sun can shine through, but farther in they grow so thick that I can see nothing but the dim green light. And though they are always whispering, I cannot understand what they say. What does lie beyond the fir-trees?"

Overhead the sun shone broad and hot in the blue sky. The lizards below basked in his warmth, the butterflies fluttered gay among the heather, the dragon-flies, with wings that seemed mirrors for the sky, hovered over the pool among the arrow-head flowers, the rabbit and her little ones frisked about, and the old tough hedgehog stretched his bristles lazily in the sunshine. What a beautiful sunny spot was the clearing in the fir forest! So hot and fresh, so full of sweet fragrance of fir and heather, so silent, and yet so full of faint happy sound. How happy it all was, and how still, and yet the fay wanted to know what lay beyond the forest.

"My little dear," said the rabbit, who had no brains to speak of, and gave good advice as often as he could—"my little dear, don't worry your head with foolish questions. It ought to be enough for any well-conducted animal to know where he is, what is his name, and whether he's got enough to eat. Everything else is of no importance, and ought to be left alone."

"Yes, but I want to know," said the fay. "My mamma used to say that all fays came from beyond the trees," remarked the hare. "And she ought to have known, for she was a very well-bred person, and most particular in her notions."

"Fiddle de dee!" growled the hedgehog.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' is not a fit expression to use to a lady," said the hare severely, but the hedgehog only laughed in a rude way.

"It's my opinion," said he, "that there is nothing behind the fir-trees—nothing and nobody, and only very silly people bother their heads about such matters."

"But something must be," said the fay. "Sunbeams, can you tell me?"

"We don't know; how should we?" answered the sunbeams. "We each do our own little bit of work, and shine where the great sun bids us, and at night we speed back to him. Some of our brother-beams may shine there, but we do not know. We believe it is darkness behind the fir-woods."

Then the fay moved away to the ever-whispering woods, and as he went the butterflies fluttered round him, with their many-colored wings glancing in the sunshine.

"Why should you want to know, Fay?" asked they.

"Come and dance with us," hummed the light gnats.

The robin sat on the gorse bush trilling and thrilling with song.

"Merry, merry, merry," sang he, "Winter and summer, year in, year out, what a merry place the world is! Why bother your head, fay? Come, cheer up, friend. Meet the world bravely, and don't look for trouble. That's my way."

"And a good way, robin, but not mine. I cannot rest. I must know. Dear winds," cried he, as he neared the forest, "do tell me what lies beyond."

"Hush—sh!" whispered the winds. "We cannot tell. We blow hither and thither among the tall trees, but there is a beyond to our blowing. Some of our brothers may blow there, but we do not know. We think it is silence beyond the fir woods. Hush—sh!"

"Silence and darkness," cried the fay. "But there must be another beyond."

And then he turned back to his friends, still playing in the sunshine.

"Friends, you none of you know what is beyond the forest, and the sunbeams say it is darkness, and the winds say it is silence, and I must go and see for myself. Will you come with me?"

But no, the wild creatures wouldn't. Why, indeed, should they? They were happy enough in the clearing.

The fay was afraid to go alone. He lingered day after day trying to persuade them, but they would not stir so long as the sun lasted and they were happy.

But one day the clouds came over the blue, and the rain drenched them, and it grew very cold, so that the butterflies crept away with closed wings, the hare crouched low in the gorse clump, and the rabbit got cramp in her pretty white paws, and everything looked as wretched as could be.

The wind rushing through the forest drove the fay mad with longing to follow after it, and he begged and prayed the creatures to come with him on his quest.

The bad weather made them listen more readily than before. The clearing was colder and wetter than the forest in the first place, and then, as the hare said—

"If it couldn't make one more wretched, it was as well to be obliging sometimes."

The rabbit agreed, and remarked that "perhaps after all they might better themselves by doing the fay a kindness, for they might find a warmer place on the other side, and then what a comfort that would be to them to think of."

The hedgehog said he would go, just to prove he'd been in the right.

And the butterflies and gnats said "Anything for a change!"

But the redbreast said he would stay behind, so that someone might be ready to welcome them home again.

And so they set out, across the clearing and past the young scattered trees, through the brambles and the moss deep and soft, and so right into the forest.

The fay laughed, and clapped his hands for joy that his journey was begun, and the other animals were cheering enough too.

But all at once the hedgehog knocked his stupid head against a tree with such a bang that both his eyes shut up tight, and he could not see an inch before his nose.

"There," said he, "I told you how it was. There's nothing and nobody, so far as I can make out."

And back he went to the clearing, where he did not recover his sight till the fine weather was come back, and even after that, when the forest was spoken of, he always said—

"Fiddle-de-dee! I went to see for myself once, and there was nothing and nobody there!"

The rest of the party went on a little farther, till the bramble tangles grew so thick that the hare could not jump through them.

So he stopped short and declared that she sooned so all over that she couldn't move another step.

"For," as she remarked, "nobody has a right to injure their health just to oblige a friend."

So back she went.

The rabbit went on a bit farther, though each hop made the forest denser around her. She thought of the fine sunny place that possibly lay before her, and that kept her courage up.

But by-and-by she turned her head, and saw the glimmering light of the clearing far behind her.

"Why, I declare the sun has come out again yonder. What a nonsensical thing it was to leave a place where I am sure I was very well off! Fay, it's not a bit of good going on, for I am sure we shall never better ourselves."

"I don't care about that. I want to know," answered the fay, peering into the fast growing darkness before him.

And so back the rabbit went. As for the butterflies and gnats, they had fluttered off long before in their foolish aimless way.

The fay went on alone, but not frightened any more at that. He left the storm behind, and the last glimpse of clearing, and all thought of his old friends, as he sped on ever deeper into the forest.

The wind voices hushed and hushed slowly; the light grew dimmer so gently and yet so surely, and still he went on. And then all at once he reached the Silence and the Darkness, and he plunged in and was lost.

But whether he went on through them, or what beautiful land he may have reached at last I cannot tell, for I have never been beyond myself.

SHEOL.—The Israelites believed in a doubling of the person by a shadow, a pale figure, which after death descended under the earth and there led a sad and gloomy existence. The abode of these poor beings was called Sheol. There was no recompense, no punishment. The greatest comfort was to be among ancestors and resting with them. There were some very virtuous men whom God carried up that they might be with him. Apart from these elect, dead men went into torpor. Man's good fortune was, to be accorded a long term of years, with children to perpetuate his family and respect for his memory after death.

A DAUGHTER of the household was told to get some sweet potatoes and put them on to boil. She did as directed, but when the dinner hour arrived the potatoes were not done. They were boiled still longer, and then were not done. They were then baked with no better success. Finally the mother went to see how many such tubers she had. Going to the box where they were kept, the mystery was solved when she found that her daughter had taken dahlia bulbs, which lay near the box, instead of the sweet potatoes. Probably the dahlia tubers will not sprout any better in the spring for having been boiled.

THE BABY EAGLE.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

"DO you see your father coming, Rachel?"

Rachel stared out into the darkness. It was growing late, and every minute Rachel and her mother were getting more and more anxious.

"It is such dangerous work. I do hope he is all right," said Mrs. Joyce at last, going to the window herself.

But there was a shout of delight from Rachel.

"There he is, mother!" she cried, "there's a lantern, and there are figures under the fir-trees. Yes, it is," and she jumped down from the window, and ran to the door.

Mrs. Joyce followed her quickly, and a moment afterwards the garden gate was opened, and the farmer was walking slowly up the path. Rachel ran to meet him, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Gently, my lassie," said the farmer. "Mind, mind; you'll hurt it."

Rachel started back.

"Hurt what, John? Are you hurt?" asked Mrs. Joyce anxiously.

"No; only very tired," said the farmer; "but I've got something here for Rachel. Come indoors, and let me tell you how I got it."

A few minutes later the farmer was comfortably settled in his arm-chair, and Rachel, in her own particular corner, was nursing her new pet.

It was soft, it was fluffy, it had a sharp little beak and big eyes. It was not very pretty, and Rachel had never seen a bird like it before. It was a very young eagle!

"We did not do very much good, after all," said the farmer. "We saw the nest very quickly, but we had a hard climb to get up to it, for it was right on the top of the rock."

"Were the big eagles in the nest?" asked Rachel.

"No," said the farmer; "neither the eagle or his mate; only this little one. We saw the eagle swooping down into the lake, but he was not near enough for a shot. However, we got to the nest, and I brought the little one home."

"But won't its mother miss it?" asked Rachel?

"Very likely," said the farmer, laughing, "but we cannot help that. We cannot let another bird grow up to steal our ducks and geese. Its mother and father would have had no chance of finding it if ——"

But Mrs. Joyce interrupted him.

"Come, Rachel, it is quite time you were in bed. Put the little eagle in a cage for to-night."

"And send it back to its father and mother to-morrow," said Rachel eagerly.

But the farmer did not say "Yes," and as Rachel left the room she fancied she heard something about "shooting to-morrow."

She went to bed, but she could not sleep. She was wondering what the little eagle's father and mother were doing without their baby.

Perhaps the mother eagle was standing watching from the high rock, as she and her mother had watched from the window. At last she dropped off to sleep, only to dream uneasily.

Farmer Joyce was up early the next morning. He had a hard day's work before him.

He went into the yard to feed the chickens, and then into the parlor to look at the eagle. But there was no cage in the room.

"Well, that is queer," said the farmer. "I thought I left that cage here last night."

Just then Mrs. Joyce came into the room.

"Did you move the cage?" asked the farmer.

"Move it?" said Mrs. Joyce, looking round the room. "Why, it isn't here."

And it wasn't. When the farmer and his wife searched in every corner they found that both cage and bird had disappeared.

"Well, that is queer! What will Rachel say?" said the farmer.

"And I wonder what Miss Rachel is doing," said his wife; "she ought to be down stairs."

She ran upstairs to Rachel's little bedroom, whilst the farmer continued his search for the cage. Presently his wife came to him.

"Rachel must have come down early," she said; "she's not in bed. Have you seen her?"

"That's where the cage has gone," said the farmer. "Rachel has taken it out of doors."

Mrs. Joyce shook her head. She was troubled about the child. She looked in the garden and in the kitchen, and then ran upstairs again.

Presently the farmer heard her calling, "John, John!" in such a frightened startled voice that he ran to her very quickly.

"The child's clothes," she gasped.

"What about them?" asked the farmer.

Mrs. Joyce pointed. There on a chair by the bedside were Rachel's clothes. The farmer stared; then he turned to go downstairs.

"Child, cage, and bird, all gone," he murmured.

Mrs. Joyce sank into a chair. "Could the eagle have come in the night to look for her little one, and have taken Rachel too?" Then she smiled at her own thought; it was absurd.

The child was probably near. Jumping up, Mrs. Joyce began looking in the other rooms, calling from time to time, "Rachel, Rachel!"

The farmer meantime was searching in the yard. There was something lying on the ground. He shuddered as he picked it up. It was a long feather—an eagle's. The eagle must have been again in the night.

But there was something else, behind the barn, which made him call for his wife. It was the cage in which he had put the young eagle, and it was empty.

"Look," cried the farmer, "there's the cage, and there's no bird in it!"

"But where is Rachel?" said Mrs. Joyce. "Rachel, Rachel!" she called.

"Mother, mother!" came the answer.

The mother turned. Where did the sound come from, surely not the barn?

She and the farmer ran together and opened the barn-door. Then the mother gave a cry of joy, for there, lying curled up in the straw in her night-gown, was her little daughter.

"Where am I?" said Rachel, rubbing her eyes. Then she threw her arms round her mother's neck and burst out crying.

They carried her indoors into the warm room, and she stopped crying.

"How did you get into the barn?" asked her mother at last.

Rachel rubbed her eyes. "Now I remember," she said; "let me tell you all about it. When I went to bed I could not go to sleep for a long time, and then I dreamt that someone was carrying me away from you, and I woke up crying. Everything was very quiet indoors, but outside I heard a funny screaming noise."

The farmer looked at his wife, and held up the long feather.

"I thought perhaps it was the eagle looking for its little one, and I was so sorry for it that I thought I would let the little one out. I crept down stairs, and carried the cage into the yard. Just as I unfastened the door I heard the scream again. I was frightened—too frightened to run back to the house, so I slipped into the barn, pulled the door to, and hid myself in the straw. Then—I don't remember more—I suppose I fell asleep. Did the eagle come for her little one?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Joyce; "but I have my little one quite safely."

The farmer kissed his little daughter. After breakfast, he and Rachel searched for the eagle.

But they could not find it. The young eagle had managed to get away somehow. Perhaps it found its mother; perhaps it found its way back to the high rock, perhaps not; but Rachel firmly believes that the mother eagle came to fetch her little one.

STRANGER (addressing citizen near railway station): I beg your pardon, sir, but isn't this—

Citizen (promptly): Your umbrella? I presume it is, sir. I picked it up coming out of that suburban train just now. Permit me to restore it to you, sir.

Stranger: Many thanks.

Same stranger (with fine umbrella tucked carefully under his arm, asking another citizen a few moments later the question he had intended to ask citizen No. 1): Beg your pardon, sir, but isn't this Dearborn street?

THE REAL PRESENCE.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

In the heart of the city that's proud and gay,
A child stood begging one summer day.

The world went by; but it took no heed,
For the world has never a heart to bleed

For the woes of others; it passed along
And the child was alone in the hurrying throng.

It lingered there in the summer day
Till another beggar came by that way.

Whose soul was sick with the whirl and strife
Of the mystic something which men call life.

He looked at the child; at its side he stopped,
And into its hand his last penny he dropped;

Then he passed along with a half-breathed sigh,
And said, "He wanted it more than I."

And in him as he passed my heart adored
The living presence of Christ the Lord!

ABOUT DOLES.

Feasting at funerals may be traced back to remote times in the history of various nations. Thus amongst the Jews at an early period we find a commendable custom prevailing.

It was the practice when one of their race died for the friends and neighbors to prepare the feast for the burial, so that those in the house of mourning might be spared additional trouble in their days of sorrow.

Under the Greeks and Romans, the feasting in course of time took the form of sumptuous banquets. A redeeming feature of the usage was the practice of giving a portion of the provisions to the poor—a charitable custom, which induced the early fathers of the Church to continue funeral feasts.

"Doles were used at funerals," we gather from St Chrysostom, "to procure the rest of the soul of the deceased, that he might find his judge propitious."

The Christians were not content merely to give food; other alms were also distributed. St Chrysostom observes in one of his homilies: "Would you honor the dead? Give alms."

Under the early Christians, this festival, was of quite a religious character, generally at the tomb of the deceased. There was divine service; the holy sacrament was administered, and a collection of alms made for the poor.

There was a feast, shared both by the clergy and the people, but more especially bestowed on the widow and orphan.

The softening influences of grief was ever directed by the Church into heart-opening channels of charity and good-will.

In time the amount and quantity of such came to be specially described and appointed in the will of the dying person.

The distribution of doles at funerals has come down to comparatively recent times.

Even to the present day, in not a few instances bread is given at the graves of the persons who bequeathed it, and in this manner a custom is maintained which was instituted before the Christian era.

Torchbearers usually attended funerals in the days of old; they were poor men and women, who carried lights before the dead, emblematic of the glorified existence the departed were to enjoy beyond the grave.

These people often received articles of dress in addition to food and money. At some places, doles were sent to the homes of the inhabitants.

Sir Roger de Tychborne was a valiant knight who lived in the days of the second Henry. He resided in a stately Hall in Hampshire. His wife, Lady Mabella, was the means of the celebrated 'Tichborne Dole' being instituted.

"This dame," so runs the old legend, "being bedridden and extremely ill, petitioned her husband for the means of establishing a dole of bread, to be given to all poor persons who might ask for it on every succeeding feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

He promised her as much ground as she could walk round in the neighborhood of the house while a certain brand or billet was burning, supposing that, from her long infirmity, she would only be able to go round a small portion of his property.

The venerable dame, however, ordered her attendants to convey her to the corner of the park, where, being deposited on the ground, she seemed to acquire a renovation of strength, and to the surprise of her anxious and admiring lord, who began to wonder where the pilgrimage might end, she crawled round several rich and goodly acres.

The field which was the scene of her extraordinary feat retains the name of the 'Crawle' to this day. It is situated at the entrance of the park, and contains an area of twenty-three acres.

Her task being completed, she was reconveyed to her chamber, when, summoning her family to her bedside, she predicted the prosperity of the family while that annual dole existed; and left her malediction on any one of her descendants who should be so mean or covetous as to discontinue it, propnesying that when this happened, the family would become extinct from failure of heirs male, and that this would be foretold by a generation of seven sons being followed immediately after by a generation of seven daughters and no son.

In years agone, about nineteen hundred small loaves of bread were baked and given to those who made application for them, and if any persons remained unserved after the doles had been distributed, they were presented with twopence each.

Men and women came from all parts of the country; and even a week before the doles were given away, a number of folks assembled in the neighborhood to await the event.

It gave rise to much rioting; and about the commencement of the present century, the doles were discontinued, and in their place a sum of money given to the neighboring poor. Superstitious people used to preserve the bread as a certain remedy for several ailments, notably ague.

The Hospital of St Cross, near Winchester, England, is called "The Almshouse of Noble Poverty," and no wayfayer has presented himself at the door of it since the days of King Stephen to the present hour who has not been entitled to receive a meal of bread and beer. The stranger has only to knock to receive a horn of ale and a dole of bread, known as the "wayfarers' dole." These charities were once common in that country; but we believe the Hospital of St Cross is the only one which remains.

A RECIPE for making a comfortable home: Take of thought for self one part, two parts of thought for family; equal parts of common sense and broad intelligence, a large modicum of the sense of the fitness of things, a heaping measure of living above what your neighbors think of you, twice the quantity of keeping within your income, a sprinkling of what tends to refinement and aesthetic beauty, stirred thick with the true brand of Christian principle, and set to rise.

Grains of Gold.

Think of ease, but work on.

Basques not upon borrowing.

Be not proud even of well doing.

Be willing to do well without praise.

Be more ready to hear than to speak.

He who injures another, injures himself.

To delight in censure, is splenetic pride.

Honest poverty is better than wealthy fraud.

It is a poor soil that yields nothing to culture.

They need much whom nothing will content.

Use the means, and God will give the blessing.

Through earthly business bear a heavenward mind.

Humility seeks neither the first place nor the last word.

He that would advance should not look backward.

Hasty resolutions are more easily formed than performed.

In all thy undertakings, consider the motive and the end.

If sensuality were happiness, beasts would be happier than men.

He is an adept in language, who never deviates from the truth.

It takes money to be fashionable. The poor man who gets into the swim is liable to get out of his depth.

Affliction acts like the wind upon the trees, making them take deeper root; it is the mowing of the grass that it may shoot up thicker and greener; it is the shaking of the earth that it may burn brighter.

Femininities.

In a girl's room all roads lead to the looking glass.

A 9-year old girl in Kingsbury county, Dak., has plowed 40 acres of land since September 1st.

Another one of the horrors of being a woman is the possibility of becoming a mother-in-law.

To flatter a young woman ask her about her victims. Every girl likes to think she has victims.

It is not uncommon in drawing rooms to see several pillows piled one upon the other on the floor.

The best way to spread a thing is to tell a few very confidentially and ask them not to mention it.

The older the woman the smaller the bonnet, is the first rule in the grammar of millinery this fall.

The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches.

He: "Isn't Mrs. Maydupp's black hair pretty?" She: "I don't think it half so pretty as her light brown."

Mrs E. Hoffman, of New York, has been supplied with a new nose from the bone and cartilage of a five chicken's breast.

The man at the head of the house may mar the pleasure of the household, but he cannot make it; that must rest with the woman.

Wheeling, W. Va., has a "Jack, the Grabber," who catches women on the street. He has given several of them severe frights.

The sachet is as popular as ever, and a recent bride had three dozen made for her of white satin trimmed with lace, and embroidered with her monogram.

The degree of M. A., is one that any learned female may be proud of; but many true women have probably found as much comfort in the plain title of "ma."

Wife: "Why is it, John, that you rarely kiss me now? Before we were married you bothered me almost to death." Husband: "I know it, my dear, and I laid in stock enough to last."

A salve that is good for all kinds of wounds, etc., is made of equal parts of yellow wax and sweet oil. Melt slowly, carefully stirring. When cooling, stir in a small quantity of glycerine.

He, sadly: "You are not what you used to be, Fannie." Wife, sharply: "Of course I'm not. I used to be your best girl, but now I'm your wife, and it makes a great deal of difference."

Mrs Dumpsey: "Our Bessie is the brightest little child you ever saw. She picks up everything she hears." Mrs. Pennyjay: "Something like our Willie. He picks up everything he sees."

He: "Was the ladies' club very lively to-night, dear?" She: "Not awfully, dull. Every member was present, and of course one can't speak of people before their faces; so we had nothing to talk about."

"Now, John," said a wife who was going on a journey, "when you bid me good-bye on the train you mustn't lift your hat or kiss me." "Why not?" "Because people will think you are not my husband."

Husband, contemplatively: "How true it is, my dear, that the good men do is oft interred with their bones." Wife, not contemplatively: "Yes, I s'pose there's so little of it that it isn't considered worth saving."

A writer on dancing estimates that 18 waltzes are about equal to 14 miles of heel-and-toe work. And yet many a girl who is too frail to walk down into the kitchen, can never count 18 miles of ball-room floor per evening.

Young lady in bookseller's shop: "A volume of poetry, please." "Yes, ma'am. Any what author?" "Oh, I don't care anything about the author; but the cover must harmonize with a cherry-wood table with a red plush top."

If you have a silk dress to make over, combine it with plain velvet, and be sure and have velvet sleeves. I like a silk vest below a plain sleeve. A dark red cashmere with black corah vest and puffs on the edge of the sleeves would be cute.

At a wedding in Chiselhurst, England, the officiating clergyman left out the words, "With this ring I wed thee," etc. The omission was not observed until the bridal party were assembled at breakfast, and then the party repaired once more to the church, where the ceremony was performed a second time.

Another broken engagement. Miss Elsie Apsee, just engaged: "What do you think Kiwin said last night? That if he had to choose either me or a million dollars he wouldn't even look at the million." Miss May Toor, still waiting: "Dear, loyal fellow! I suppose he didn't like to risk the temptation."

Mrs Gabb, hostess: "Your boy doesn't appear to have much of an appetite." Mrs. Goode: "No, he is quite delicate." Mrs. Gabb: "Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man?" Boy: "No'm." You see, mom made me eat a hull lot before we started, so I wouldn't make a pig of myself."

The Chinese lady does not suffer a hundredth part of what an American has to endure with tight shoes, bunions, corns, etc. I was told the other day by a chiropodist that not one in a hundred of American ladies has escaped deformity of the foot, and when they get home at night they take off their boots with a sigh of relief."

Mrs Amelia B. Cantor Ericson Barley-Porter-Ferguson-White-Martin-Considine-Tenter is the full name of a resident of the Black Hills, Dakota. She is now living with her ninth husband. Four of the former ones are dead and four have been divorced. She has no children living. She is now but 41 and is a comely woman, and has managed out of the estates and alimony of her husbands to accumulate quite a comfortable fortune. She says this will be her last venture.

Masculinities.

Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain.

In love as in war a fortress that parleys is half taken.

The maintaining of one vice costeth more than six virtues.

The first lesson in dyspepsia is a surprise to him who thinks he knows everything.

The payment of the debts of the late King of Bavaria will not be completed until 1905.

There is little choice between a dinner with no appetite and an appetite with no dinner.

That all men would be cowards if they dared, some men have had the courage to declare.

The man who is mean to his own children is usually very good to the children of others.

If you want a man to think you are smart, you have only to make him think he is smart.

Many people are led by their vices, but a great many more follow them without any leading at all.

That man will never get rich who is constantly gratifying a champagne appetite with a beer purse.

When a married woman goes out to look after her rights, her husband is usually left at home with his wrongs.

A woman's rights' lady remarks that the highest use of a man is to have his life insured for his wife's benefit.

The reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busily engaged in making one end drink.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.

Mr. Richard McMinn and Miss Fannie Lemons were married the other day by a justice of the peace in a cornfield in Boone county, Mo., by moonlight.

Cold tea is a good old fashioned remedy for sore eyes. Bathe the eyes frequently, especially before retiring, and you will soon find relief.

A pretty conceit is a small gold match box intended to represent the five of clubs. Each of the spots is formed by a diamond, ruby and sapphire clover mounting.

"I mes," said Brown, as he watched a couple strolling near, "that is a first love affair." "How do you know?" "I just heard her make him promise not to smoke or drink."

Eve must have felt that she had lost one of the quiet joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

"Don't marry a woman who knows more than you," is good advice. But some men we have met would have some trouble in discovering a woman who knows less than they know.

What a wretched old bachelor that must have been, who, on being asked concerning a row of banks standing in the street, if there was a funeral, replied with a shrug, "Worse by far; there's a marriage."

Why is it that the railways do not charge in the same way for carrying passengers as they do for carrying freight—that is to say, so much a pound? Why should thin men have to pay the same fare as fat men, when it takes less engine power to haul them?

"John," said a sick lady to her husband, "if I should die, you will never marry again, will you?" Standing close to her, John said, in a low, heart-broken tone of voice: "Never, my dear; I've had enough!" When the doctor came, a little later, he found his patient sitting in a large easy-chair.

Charles Cavanaugh, of Madison county, Ky., a colored man, has had five wives, three of whom lived with him during slavery days without the formality of a ceremony. He has had 20 children, of whom 17 survive. Eighteen of these attend the colored district school, which is taught by his eldest daughter.

Prince Bismarck has taken up with that "good old gentlemanly vice," avarice. He is abnormally anxious to increase his wealth, which is already enormous. His tastes are simple, and he has few uses for money, but he watches his commercial interests closely and becomes morose if his timber and powder do not bring in the profits he expects.

A Frenchman has invented a neat dodge in wigs. He has eight of them, all alike except in the length of the hair, one being very short, and the others graded in length up to the longest. He first puts on the short one, wears it a few days and then changes to No. 2, and so on to No. 8. Then he "has his hair cut"—that is, puts on No. 1 and starts over again.

A young man in an Austin, Nev., barber shop was particular about having his moustache nicely perfumed. "Going to call on a young lady, I suppose?" the barber asked. The young man with much dignity replied: "See here, my friend, do you suppose I put perfumery on my moustache because I am going to see a man, or a boy, or an old woman, or a babe in arms? Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

In Syracuse a man ran a boot blacking scheme in his cigar store, and gave free shines to any one buying a cigar. In bad weather his business was rushing, and he frequently had several boys at work at once. Another retailer claims that he attracted a lot of trade by exposing postage stamps for sale in his window. But few people bought a stamp without buying a cigar, and his trade increased accordingly.

A young woman with a pretty face and modest ways took a room in a Springfield hotel. The other guests pitied her because she seemed timid and unprotected. Before the week was out three men had called to see her. One was the husband from she had eloped. A second was a man with whom she had eloped. A third was a man whom she had promised to elope, but was jilted. The simultaneous meeting of these four persons was so inharmonious that all were turned out of the house.

Recent Book Issues.

"A Knight of Faith," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, is a good, well written tale and with many will serve as a complete refutation of "Robert Elsmere," and its doctrines. Price, cloth, $1.00; J. S. Ogilvie, publisher, New York.

John Davis, who was born in 1550 and died in 1605 the navigator who discovered and gave his name to Davis Straits, is the interesting subject of a convenient biography printed by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, under the title of "John Davis, the Navigator." It is abundantly illustrated by diagrams and maps and has in its reading all the charm of a most exciting romance. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Feet of Clay," by Amelia E. Barr, has been added to the new and uniform editions of Mrs. Barr's books, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. It is one of her best and most impressive stories, and in some respects the strongest. A tender religious sentiment pervades it, and the plot points a useful moral in a graceful and unobtrusive manner. An excellent portrait of the author prefaces the volume.—Received from Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for December has for its frontispiece a beautiful colored plate called "The Parsonage Garden"; A new serial, "Worthy to be Loved," by E. Neal, author of "My Brother Basil," is begun in this number. Following this comes a paper by the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, entitled "Be of Good Cheer"; "Jottings from a Minister's Note Book" is made more interesting by its clever illustrations. "On the Church Floor" is a paper on the tombs of the dead, which is followed by an article on "Lowell's Religious Poetry," accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Lowell. "Providence" is the title of a sermon by the Rev. J. B. Macduff, and there is a paper called "Never Young and Never Old," by the popular author of "How to Be Happy Though Married." There is an unusual number of bright short stories and poems in this number, and a big bundle of short arrows.—Cassell & Co., New York.

The November *Wide Awake* opens with a portrait and biography of Helen Hunt Boys will be interested in the article about "Jackknives," with many illustrations "The Big Gun's Game" is a capital story and another is entitled "A Novel Postman," by Alice W. Whelldon. Mrs. Fremont tells how she went to a ball in California. Mrs. Claflin has a "Behavior" paper. Margaret Sidney's "Peppers" serial and Susan Coolidge's serial "A Little Knight of Labor" are concluded. Mrs. White gives the closing paper of her "Public School Cooking" series. Prof. Starr finishes his "Geological Talks," and the last of the "Famous Stone" stories is given. The number contains many other good things—poems, sketches, and pictures. "Men and Things" is an entertaining department, full of original anecdotes and talk. The December number is to be much enlarged, and many brilliant attractions are promised for the new volume. D Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

AGE.—A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon. With light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery at heart, and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time.

Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale—an old one snaps and falls before the blast.

A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

NO HINDOO SHAVES HIMSELF.—In India everything runs by caste, and the barbers rank with the washermen and blacksmiths. A barber's son is always a barber, and a barber's daughter is sure to marry a barber. The Indian barber travels from house to house to do his shaving. He carries all his tools under his arm, wrapped up in a cloth, and when he shaves a customer he makes him squat down on his heels and bend over his head.

He then squats down on his own heels in front of him, and the two, without chair or stool, do the business in the most primitive manner. He usually shaves with cold water, and he is a manicure as well as a barber. No Hindoo shaves himself, and few Hindoos pare their own nails.

The barber is expected to take the gray hairs out of your head, eyebrows and moustache, and like his Chinese brother, he pays attention to cleaning the ears and to shaving the face, even to the corners of the eyes.

BY TRIFLING WITH A COLD, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system. Better cure your cold at once with Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for throat-ails and lung affections.

A DOMESTIC DYNASTY.

Ann L, surnamed the Toiler by the satirical head of the family. Constitutionally opposed to rising with the lark, but affectionately inclined to other members of the species. After a reign of seven days, in which most of the dishes were beheaded, she was deposed and succeeded by

Bridget I., popularly called the Seven-days' Flirt, on account of possessing an admirer for each evening in the week. Giddy, pretty, and exceptionally blessed with incompetence, an article already sufficiently furnished by the three young ladies in the family.

She was rusticated in November and followed by a reign of terror, during which the said young ladies did the work. Then descended upon the kingdom of kitchen

Ann II., recommended in the highest terms, and of a top-lofty and ignoring disposition. Felt it to be her mission to rule in the only right way—her way.

When meekly requested to cook the tomatoes, responded, oracularly, "Cooked tomatoes isn't healthy," and served them raw.

After a reign of six weeks was forcibly ejected by the combined efforts of the head of the house and his mother-in-law. Succeeded by

Norah, surnamed Lightfoot, on account of her abnormal pedal development. Her capacity for "kicking" was correspondingly great, and after three days of solid stubbornness, she abdicated in favor of her cousin,

Bridget II., a queen of the "may do it if I like ter;" generally didn't—born weary. Could not be impressed by any must, could, would, or should power. But after several pitched battles between her own and the will of the household, was deposed, vowing vengeance, and succeeded by

A regency of four days, in which the mistress of the house poured oil on the troubled waters, got the ship of home safely anchored in the harbor of good order, and then turned over her command to

Sophronia, surnamed the Cook, whose reign was chiefly remarkable for the mystery surrounding her surname, no possible evidence ever being given by her as to its origin. Deposed without loss of time and followed by

Mary, sovereign of considerable executive ability, but a victim of alcoholic heredity and temperamental permanent irascibility.

After threatening the lives of the entire household, from the mastiff to the man of the house, was requested to abdicate. Refused, intrenched behind a breastwork of the best china, using knives and forks for defensive weapons.

After a severe struggle the regiment of law and order, known as the "bluecoats," were triumphant, and she was imprisoned for high treason. End unrecorded. Succeeded by

Ellen the Pirate, whose vocation lightened the home of many superfluous articles, and the appearance of whose kingdom on the third day resulted in a council of war which decided to "give up housekeeping and take our meals out."

The prime minister and her cabinet now spend their mornings repairing the ravages in the kingdom, and the head of the house smiles and says "I told you so."

IDEAS OF A FUTURE LIFE.—The Iroquois and Huron Indians believed in a country for the souls of the dead, which they called the "country of ancestors." This is to the west, from which direction their traditions told that they had migrated. Spirits must go there after death by a very long and painful journey, past many rivers, and at the end of a narrow bridge fight with a dog like Cerberus, and some may fall into the water and be carried away over precipices. This road is all on the earth; but several of the Indian tribes consider the Milky Way to be the path of souls, those of human beings forming the main body of the stars, and their dogs, which also have souls, running on the sides. In their next world the Indians do the same as they customarily do here, but without life's troubles.

SILK AND PIPES.—Careful experiments have shown that waste silk is the most effective of all non-conducting coverings for steam pipes, and the demand for this purpose promises to be great, notwithstanding the high price.

A fact. A Baltimore parrot has been taught to say: "Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

By MUNKACSY.

THE original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Prætorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the figure of the Saviour, with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Cæsar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Caiaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a ruffian of the lowest type. He is shouting "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with deep interest. Between Christ and Caiaphas, sitting on a bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat and resting his head against the wall is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. A knot of old men is seated in an angle of the room to the left of the banker. They are apparently arguing Christ's claim that he is the promised Messiah. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms, and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people, and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. In the city of New York it was on exhibition several months, and was seen by hundreds of thousands of people.

THE PICTURE IS 21 by 28 INCHES, sufficient in size to allow ample scope for the display of the salient features of faces and forms, while the varied expressions of hate, fear, curiosity, compassion and reverence of those assembled are shown with a startling fidelity.

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WHAT "LIMITED" MEANS.—"How often is the word 'limited' seen after the name of many great stock companies, but how seldom does the average reader understand its import," said recently a well-known real estate agent. "I have been surprised to have people ask me whether that meant that only a given quantity of stock could be issued by the company displaying the word on its prospectus."

"Formerly a member of the stock company doing business was responsible for the entire indebtedness of that company should all other resources of security fail to satisfy the demands of creditors.

"In Scotland some years ago a bank failed for about a million of dollars. There was but one really wealthy director of that organization and to him only could the creditors look for the satisfaction of their demands.

He had practically to pay every cent of the loss. Such was the law. Cases of this kind were quite common, and men of wealth avoided connections with concerns which they could not absolutely control, but in which they could so easily sink their fortunes.

'Then an amendment to the law was made by limiting the liability of the directors and stockholders in a concern to the amount they actually had so invested. The law, in order to protect those who dealt with companies of this class, made it obligatory that the word 'limited' should be connected with the names of such organizations and given equal publicity with the company's title on all occasions.

"In England and Scotland this law is complied with very generally, but in the United States such limitations have become so widely the rule that it is looked upon as a matter of course, and only a few large concerns are now seen with 'Limited' attached to their names, but though comparatively occasionally used, it is sufficient to puzzle a good many people who read it."

A New Corset.

Ferris Bros., the manufacturers of the celebrated "Good Sense" corset waists, have recently brought out an entirely new style of corset. Each style of these goods has special characteristics and advantages; that all are appreciated is exemplified in their immense sale. The latest is called *Style 227 Good Sense* and has plaited bust and removable pads. The makers claim for it that it produces an elegant form without the injurious effects of the ordinary stiff corset. The pads can be easily removed and the bust left soft, if preferred. When the pad is removed the bust will lay as flat as desired, and thus fit a large variety of shapes. All bones or steels are placed in patent pockets, and can be instantly removed or replaced. Shoulder straps are adjustable to fit any shoulders. Ferris' patent Tape-fastened Buttons are used at front instead of clasps. Ferris' patent Cordedge Buttonholes won't wear out, and their Patent Ring Buckle at hip is the most convenient to secure the hose supporters. Sensible women want the best they can get for their money, so they insist upon having the "Good Sense" waist in preference to any other.—*From "Fabrics, Fancy Goods and Notions," N. Y. City.*

Humorous.

THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.

At ten, a blithesome little maid,
Restrained by naught but nature's law,
Went romping o'er the grassy glade,
And laughed a merry
Haw! haw! haw!

At twenty she was bright and fair,
But now, restrained by fond mamma,
She only tossed her golden hair,
And laughed a rippling
Ha! ha! ha!

At thirty she was more sedate,
And still from wedded bondage free;
She said her time was growing late,
And laughed a yearning
He! he! he!

At forty she despaired of joy,
For none had come her heart to woo;
She sighed for either man or boy,
And laughed a doleful
Who! who! who!

—O. N. NONE.

Kissing matches don't come by the box.

A slow match—Four years of courtship.

Always certain to be behindhand—The wrist.

A signal failure—A futile attempt to stop a street car.

A credit table affair—The dinner that is not paid for.

The downward path—The one with a piece of orange peel on it.

A young horse always goes faster after being broken. It's the same with a bank-note.

Why is the centre of a tree like a dog's tail?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

When may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When experience has made him sage.

The great trouble with the pug as a professional beauty is that his skin is made to fit a shorter dog.

"One swallow does not make a summer," but it may have occurred to you that one grasshopper makes more than a dozen springs.

"Aren't the eggs boiled yet, Sarah?" "I dunno, mum. They're been boiling an hour, must, but the skin hasn't come off of 'em yet."

Old man, from the floor above: "Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara?" Young man, nervously: "Yes, sir, but he is trying to get away."

The new Spitz. He: "That's a handsome dog you have there. What breed is it?" Boston High School graduate, embarrassed: "That! That's a saliva dog."

Grandma: "I would like to know if that slip I set out four weeks ago has rooted." Little Bessie: "No, grandma, it hasn't got a root. I've pulled it up every day and looked."

"John, this is a very bad report you bring me from school." "I know, father, but you know you said if I would bring you a first-class report you would give me a dollar, and I wanted to save you that expense."

Some one was saying before Smith that the best method of restoring those who had been frozen was to roll them in the snow. "That may do well enough in winter time, but what yer goin' to do in summer, when there ain't no snow?" commented that cheerful idiot.

She was sitting with her beau, when the old man came downstairs and opened the front door. "Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?" "Merely to untie the dog," he replied. "Well, Miss Clara," said the young man, reaching for his hat, "I think I will say good-night."

Guest at eating house, grumbling: "Bring me some reed bird. Seems to me 50 cents is a good price for them, though." Waiter: "Yes, sah. Reed birds is expensive. They are hard to get, sah, and we have to bring 'em a long distance." Behind the screen some minutes later: "Lively now. Hurry up them English sparrows."

Little Billy, who was about 4 years old, after waiting for his lunch a good while with commendable patience, said: "Mamma, may I have some sardines and bread?" To which the fond mother replied: "Not now, Billy; wait until I am ready to give them to you." "But, ma, it's me who's hungry, not you!" and the poor little fellow's eyes filled with tears.

A heavy rain was falling and the street car was crowded. A sweet young girl entered and glanced timidly around. "Take my seat, Miss," said the hollow-eyed consumptive near the door, seeing that the burly, beef-fed man sitting next to him did not offer to rise. "Thank you, sir," she replied. And that sweet young girl with dripping gossamer sat down by the side of the burly individual and drenched him with cold rain water, while the hollow-eyed consumptive hung on to a strap, dry and happy. Politeness is its own reward.

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

JEWEL SUPERSTITIONS.—Amber is a cure for sore throat and all glandular swellings. It is said to be a concretion of bird's tears.

Crystal induces visions, promotes sleep, and insures good dreams. It is dedicated to the moon, and in metallurgy stands for silver.

Onyx contains in it an imprisoned devil which wakes at sunset and causes terror to the wearer, disturbing sleep with ugly dreams.

Turquoise, given by loving hands, carries with it happiness and good fortune. Its color always pales when the well-being of the giver is in peril.

POULTRY.—If the hens are kept for profit it is not economical to feed them the moldy grain. Only the best to be had should be given laying hens. In proportion to her weight the hen produces more than the cow, and in order to derive that product she must be treated liberally. If the hens are compelled to hunt their food entirely, and receive but little consideration from their owner, they will be unable to give a satisfactory return for the space they occupy on the farm.

WHEN you hear a man say he has a bad wife just ask him what he has done to make her a good one.

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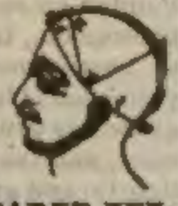

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 22, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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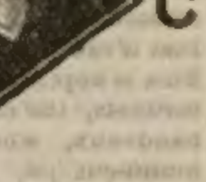

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Long before the shops and large millinery establishments begin to display the winter fashions, the wholesale houses in the city are busy selling the wares they have prepared months beforehand, and these give the best evidence of the directions in which current styles are likely to lie.

I have seen a collection of hats and bonnets such as are now being scattered all over the country, and these, in a certain sense, revolutionize all our preconceived ideas of what the headgear of the immediate future is likely to be.

The hats are larger, the bonnets considerably smaller than those of past years. The crowns of hats have become low and flat, while the brims stand out well in front, and are shallow and close at the back. At least this is what they appear before they are trimmed. Ribbons and silk bows raise the crowns considerably.

One of the most wonderful hats imported from Paris, "The Louvre" by name, has a hard round crown, and a deep brim well overshadowing the face, but at the back another crown is attached, as though it had been accidentally set up against the other without any particular reason. When trimmed it is a really pretty headgear.

I saw one in the tone of felt popularly known as the "Eiffel," the brownish terra-cotta shade in which the famous tower is painted. The brim in front stood up high and boldly above the brow, and the bows of ribbon and the small birds disguised the hard outline of the double crown.

Another quaint hat has the felt crown fluted at the top in folds that radiate towards a centre button, after the fashion of a German student's cap; but the brim, which is broad, turned up at the back, and the wider front aspired upwards, after the manner of an inverted saucer.

The coronets and form of headdress worn by the Empress Josephine and her sisters have had a marked influence on the season's hats and bonnets.

The Letitia, for example, has an upstanding brim, much higher in front than the crown, which diminishes to a couple of inches at the back, and coronets of jet of that form are used on many of the bonnets.

The sailor hat, after all, has few rivals, and it has been made this year of cashmere covering cork foundations, in all colors, red, black, and navy being perhaps most in request. It has the usual band of ribbon round, and a shallow brim.

Tweeds to match costumes are made up in the same way, in gray, brown, fawn, and navy-blue; and hats are made of the same shape in what is called "hatters' plush."

For traveling the Grimsby hat must commend itself to those who want something light, which will stand knocking about and compress into the smallest possible compass. The Grimsby is a rough make of soft felt with visible hairs.

It is made in black, brown, blue, green, fawn, and gray, bound with braid to match, and trimmed with bows of the same broad substantial make of braid. These hats are having a large sale and are quite new. The crowns are cloven, so they fold up easily.

There is more variety in the shape of hats than has been seen for some years. A picturesque and pretty one is the "John Gilpin," which has the brim rolled up on each side. It is generally trimmed with ribbons brought from the side to the top of the crown, where are many loops of ribbons standing up well in front.

The Tam o' Shanter appears in several new guises for boys; the foundation and band round is thick white woolen, with four pointed pieces of some bright colored velvet uniting beneath a button in the centre of the crown.

The "Duchess of Fife" hat is of the same order; it has a wide band of Astrakan round the head, and full crown of velvet, with a bow of many loops thrust through with an eagle's feather; it requires to be well put on, and is most stylish.

Children are wearing Tam o' Shanters in two shades of velvet or plush. So much depends on the style of trimming hats; the shapes are completely transformed in the process.

For example, a very fashionable form has an almost flat crown, with the brim turning on to it at the back; this has upstanding bows, which give it great height.

The favorite shapes for winter are the "Sherbrook," which is somewhat of the boat order, with no apparent brim at the back, turning up wide at each side, and not at all in front; the bows are all placed on the top of the crown.

The "Ramilies" is more of the Charles II. style, trimmed to appear very high; it is turned up only on one side, where the brim is positively pleated.

The "Passepartout" has a deep turned up brim at the back; the "Fontainebleau" is turned up and fluted at the back and one side only; and the "Ashleigh" is much after the same style. There are a few tricorns, and a few new shapes are copied from a Mandarin's cap, such as the Tonkin, with a velvet brim.

Felt hats are now much more worn for riding than they used to be, and the "Row riding hat" just brought out has a hard, round crown and a brim which is hardly discernible at the back.

The Alsatian bow, so universally worn in the spring on bonnets, has now found its way to hats. The greatest novelty in hats for young children is a soft white beaver, which is extremely shaggy on the surface, and is trimmed with cord.

Velvet bonnets are to be universally worn this winter, and in the hand they seem almost infinitesimal, but not so when worn. Some have raised front brims, covered with fancy plushes having a silky figure upon them, like the uncut frise velvet. Other fronts are distinctly double, and some are pointed like the Marie Stuart headdress.

What used to be called the "baby bonnet" is coming in again, only the crowns are harder and rounder; sometimes the brims are round, the crowns arched, and only the initiated would recognise in the trimmed bonnet the untrimmed shape; in the hand they all seem small, and have a most particular charm of style and form.

Astrachan forms the foundation of many excellent examples. A red velvet toque was made to stand up in front by means of a small circular coronet of jet, through which the velvet was drawn, the crown being carried far back.

Aigrettes are introduced in nearly all the shapes, and peacocks' feathers, cut to the required shape, mingle with the dyed bird of paradise plumes, and the coarse and fine osprey. This coarse osprey is being used for the first time.

Jet appears in nearly all the new bonnets, but jet treated in a novel fashion, viz., riveted on a flexible iron foundation, so that it can be bent to any shape required. This is applied to bandeaux, aigrettes, and coronets, the coronets consisting mostly of bandeaux, whence radiate lines of diamond-cut jet, wider in the centre than at the sides. These on bonnets divide the lace and velvet. Quite new are the open crowns, and the bands of transparent jet. The Greek pattern is much in favor.

Bonnets and muffs are made to correspond, and a dainty example is white or rather cream cloth pinked at the edges and trimmed with beaver.

The muff has two corners of cloth falling from beneath the fur, and the bonnet over the face has a pouf of cloth and beaver. Another set displays sable tails.

Apricot velvet appears with black velvet on many styles of bonnets, and reseda velvet is a fashionable combination with jet. The shades of velvet employed in millinery are lovely—soft and artistic. The hats have bows of accordian pleated silk on the broad velvet brims, which are often piped with silk and feathers; bows are also introduced. Ostrich tips peep over the crowns of hats, and feather ruches border the brims.

Felt hats have often loose, soft velvet crowns. Pale blue it is announced, is to be worn this winter; but it is doubtful whether, in our dark, cold winter we shall adopt it.

The ribbons are mostly satin and velvet, reversible, though some have decided terry stripes, and a few handsome brocades are used. The flowers are made of rich velvet, admirably shaded and faithfully copied from Nature.

The newest pins used for securing bows are made of feathers of metallic hue. Feathers are announced to be worn in hats, but birds, such as gulls and Impeyan pheasant wings, find most favor. Some bonnets are made entirely of pheasant feathers colored of a metallic sheen, the shape recalling a miniature helmet of a policeman.

Butterflies and bows are made of metallic feathers, which appear to have all the fluffy softness of fur.

Ostrich feathers have been employed uncurled for boas and tippets, both white and in natural colors. The tippets are quite new, and bid fair to be much the fashion.

Some of the newest feathers just now are shaded in tartan colorings, and we are indebted to the Trojan and the several kinds of gulls for the prettiest additions to our millinery.

Odds and Ends.

OF ARTICLES NEAT AND PRETTY.

In many places fairs are in full swing, and novelties of every kind are eagerly sought after. Pincushions are ever popular, and among the newest are those fitted into round Japanese woven baskets, sold in nests, or sets, without handles. The cushion is made round and firm, first in a piece of calico tied tightly round to keep it compact, and then with a pretty piece of brocade, satin, or plush. It looks like a large mushroom, with a short stalk. The inner edge of the basket is then glued all round and the cushion fitted tightly in. It should be made to fit well, and rather larger than the basket or it is apt to slip down. When dry, a narrow fancy ribbon is tied round the edge, and finished off in a smart bow. They are newer than those fitted into Russian bowls. The wooden spade ones come next in novelty. A child's smallest size wooden spade has four little holes bored in the bowl, if I may so express it, through which narrow ribbon is passed, and tied in two bows at the back. The ribbon secures the pincushion, previously made, and fixed to the spade by a touch of glue. The little cushion should be of any pretty, bright color, with or without a narrow frill all round, and well covered with pins. A ribbon is wound round the handle, and finished off with a large bow. Sometimes there is a bow at the top and base of the handle, and a loose length of ribbon between, by which to suspend the whole. The cushion may be square, round, or oval. This style of thing is carried out with wooden spoons. They can be enamelled or gilded.

A pretty receptacle for flowers may be made at small expense by propping up and fixing three large wooden spoons or children's spades, tripod fashion, and fitting in a small iron cauldron, with its handle removed, or a child's tin bucket. The whole must be painted all over, and a length of soft silk tied round the centre is a great improvement. Small palettes are used as backgrounds for pincushions, and tied up on the wall with a ribbon passed through the thumb hole, and finished off in a bow. The cushion generally forms the centre of a flower, such as a large daisy, the petals being painted on the palette, and other daisies grouped around; or a sunflower, dahlia, &c. With a little taste the whole can be rendered artistic and attractive. The cushion is glued to the palette. Painted palettes, with an aperture cut for a photograph, though not novel, have recently been brought to considerable artistic perfection at fashionable bathers. The background is usually of white or some delicate color, and the flowers painted on it, twined lightly and gracefully round the aperture, with very often a name written across one of the lower corners. Painted battledores are another style of ornamental wall decoration, beautifully painted, with ribbon twisted round the handle, and a ruche of satin ribbon, or a fall of colored balls or pompons round the edge. The parchment surface is delightful to paint upon. Movable calendar cards, slipping from beneath a painted hand or border forming the frame, can be arranged without great difficulty. This border must be of card, about an inch wide, and glued to the battledore, except on the side where the card slips in and out. The rest of the surface may be painted or neatly covered with satin.

These battledores are also arranged crossways in couples, tied with ribbons, and have pockets attached to them in front to hold spills or letters. Sometimes a small pincushion is added, fitted into a shuttlecock, at the base where the handle joins. They are usually painted as well, and thus combine useful and ornamental novelties.

Teacloths are still fanciful, and at country houses they are sometimes of colored soft silk, with the name of the house embroidered across one corner. They are about one and one-half yards square; one, or a pair, constantly form a wedding present, and recently three, a white, lemon, and crimson one, each one embroidered in silks and gold, were done up in a packet, tied together with a sash ribbon of white moire, set off with a spray of orange flowers, and given to a popular bride.

Nice cases for holding paint brushes, of cloth, lined with linen, rolled up, and tied round with ribbon, are also novel. The exterior is ornamented with a design of a few brushes, carried out in silks or crewels.

Small shelves, enamelled in white or colors, with little curtains of colored pongee silk run on a draw string are useful. On a wall or in a corner they are very decorative. Most of them have two shelves, but some are single, with a miniature railing, and are intended to rest on a mantelpiece, over a door, or to be fastened to a wall where a dado ends. They also look well stained and varnished.

Man is 80 per cent. water. That is why a boil makes him hot.

Confidential Correspondents.

A. C. M.—A white hard spirit varnish is made by mixing together 4 oss. of gum mastic, ½ lb. of gum juniper, 1 oz. turpentine, and 4 pints of spirits of wine.

M. J. T.—It is polite for a gentleman to offer a lady his card without being asked for it. 2. It is better taste to send an invitation to a lady by special messenger than by post.

LILY.—You cannot in any way attempt to interfere with the young gentleman under the circumstances you mention. Any conduct of the kind would be indelicate in the extreme.

SHENAN.—To find fielding average, divide the chances accepted into the total number of chances offered. To get the batting average, divide the times at bat by the number of base hits made.

JOEL.—The English sounds are generally given to the words ma vourneen, often quoted in songs and stories. They are from the old Irish language, and mean my sweetheart, or my darling.

A. L.—1. Mardi Gras, or "fat Tuesday," is the day immediately preceding Ash Wednesday, and which in many countries is celebrated as a day of wild festivity. 2. No. Not at all, provide the ice is safe and your friends approve.

NEWKIRK.—All property belonging to church organizations is taxable in Pennsylvania except places of worship in actual use and places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit. Property from which a rental is derived is taxable, of course.

A. G.—The Chinese are said to have practised the art of printing one thousand years previous to its introduction into Europe. They did not however, change blocks into types. It is possible that some Eastern traveller may have made the suggestion to Koster and Gutenburgh.

JUSTICE.—If the rental of the houses turns out to be less than it was guaranteed to be when you purchased them, you can have the contract set aside, and demand the return of the purchase money. The difference, however, in the rental does not appear to be very great: is it worth fighting about?

DENTON.—The common expression, "it suits to a T," is a very old one. The T square, or rule, is an instrument used by mechanics when great exactness is required. When anything is exactly right "it suits to a T"—that is, it is correct in every way, as a piece of work would be if measured by the T rule.

GUILLIA.—Cutting the hair short undoubtedly tends to strengthen it, but the same cannot be said of the use of very hard brushes, which rather tend to irritate the skin of the head, and produce a condition not favorable to the proper development of such delicate organizations as the hair bulbs and their follicles.

E. J. A.—Try cleaning old oil paintings (taking care to work in one direction) with the cut surface of a raw potato; or make some clean towels damp, fold them, and lay them on the picture, removing them as they become soiled. In either case, clean first with an old silk handkerchief to remove the dust. Mastic varnish is the best.

T. E. M.—When it is said that anything or any person is "True Blue," allusion it is supposed, is made to an old time blue cloth and thread. "True Blue" has also reference to untainted aristocratic descent. The Spanish have a notion that the really high-bred have bluer blood than those of a meaner birth. Hence the French phrases "sang bleu" (aristocratic blood), and "sang noir" (plebeian blood).

GRIMM.—The story of Robin Hood, as it took final shape in popular fancy, was as follows: He was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, England, about 1160. All accounts agree that he was of gentle lineage, and some go so far as to make him the Earl of Huntingdon. Having dissipated his patrimony, he was forced to take to the greenwood to support himself by poaching and thieving, and the free and jovial life he led soon attracted to him a number of congenial companions.

REX.—1. The peers of England, Scotland, and of Ireland have seats in the House of Lords. All peers of England have seats and votes. The peers of Scotland and Ireland have a place in the House only by their representatives. There are twenty-five English and Welsh bishops who have seats. The Irish bishops sit in rotation, four every session. 2. The Lord Chancellor is the speaker of the House of Lords as Keeper of the Great Seal. He sits upon what is termed the woolsack. 3. See any good dictionary.

W. H. M.—The practical scientists tell us what takes place in the silo. All the changes depend on four conditions: 1. Life in the vegetable cells and the presence of air—result, oxidation and the generation of heat. 2. Life in the spores of bacteria, fungi, etc., in the presence of air—result, mold. 3. Life in the vegetable cells without the presence of air—result, fermentation and sour ensilage. 4. No life in the vegetable cells nor in the spores of bacteria, fungi, etc., and the exclusion of air—result, preservation and sweet ensilage.

G. U. W.—Yes. In 1782 Dr. James Price, of Guilford, Eng., pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and published an account of his experiments, but being a fellow of the Royal Society, he was required on pain of exclusion to repeat his experiments before Messrs. Kirwan and Woulfe, but after some equivocation, he took poison, and died in August, 1783. He presented specimens of his gold to the King and the Royal Society, and pretended that they were made by a red and white powder. His pretended discovery is now and was then generally regarded as a fallacy.

E. L. G.—The Credit Mobilier was a joint-stock company, organized in 1863, for the purpose of facilitating the construction of public works. In 1867 another company, which had undertaken to build the Pacific Railroad, purchased the charter of the Credit Mobilier, and the capital was increased to $3,750,000. Owing to the profitableness of the work in which the company was engaged, the stock rose rapidly in value and enormous dividends were paid to the shareholders. In 1872 a lawsuit developed the fact that much of the stock of the Credit Mobilier was owned by members of Congress. A suspicion that those members had voted corruptly in the legislation affecting the Pacific Railroad at once seized the public mind and led to a Congressional investigation, towards the close of Grant's second term, in which many scandalous transactions were brought to light, and the faith of the people in the integrity of their servants was greatly shaken.